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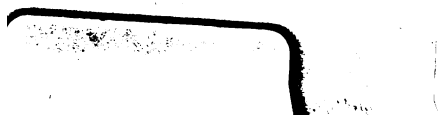
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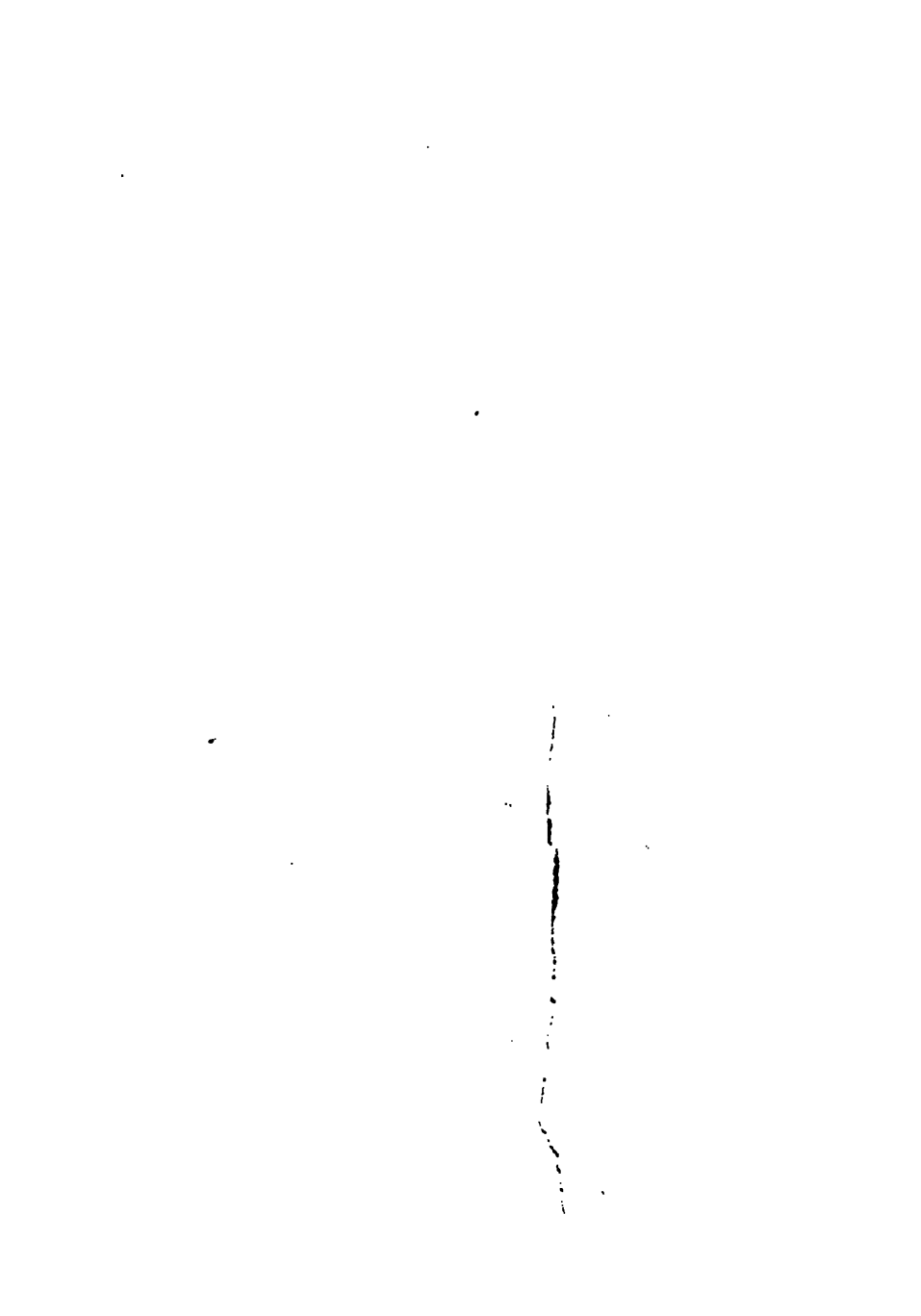


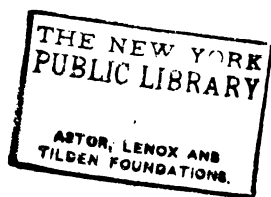




## THE ANGEL OF CLAY









THE ANGEL OF CLAY.

# THE ANGEL OF CLAY

BY

WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE

AUTHOR OF "THE SONG LIFE OF A SCULPTOR," "ART FOR AMERICA"  
"THE TECHNIQUE OF SCULPTURE," AND LECTURER ON  
THE FINE ARTS IN COLUMBIAN UNIVERSITY  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY

A. B. WENZEL



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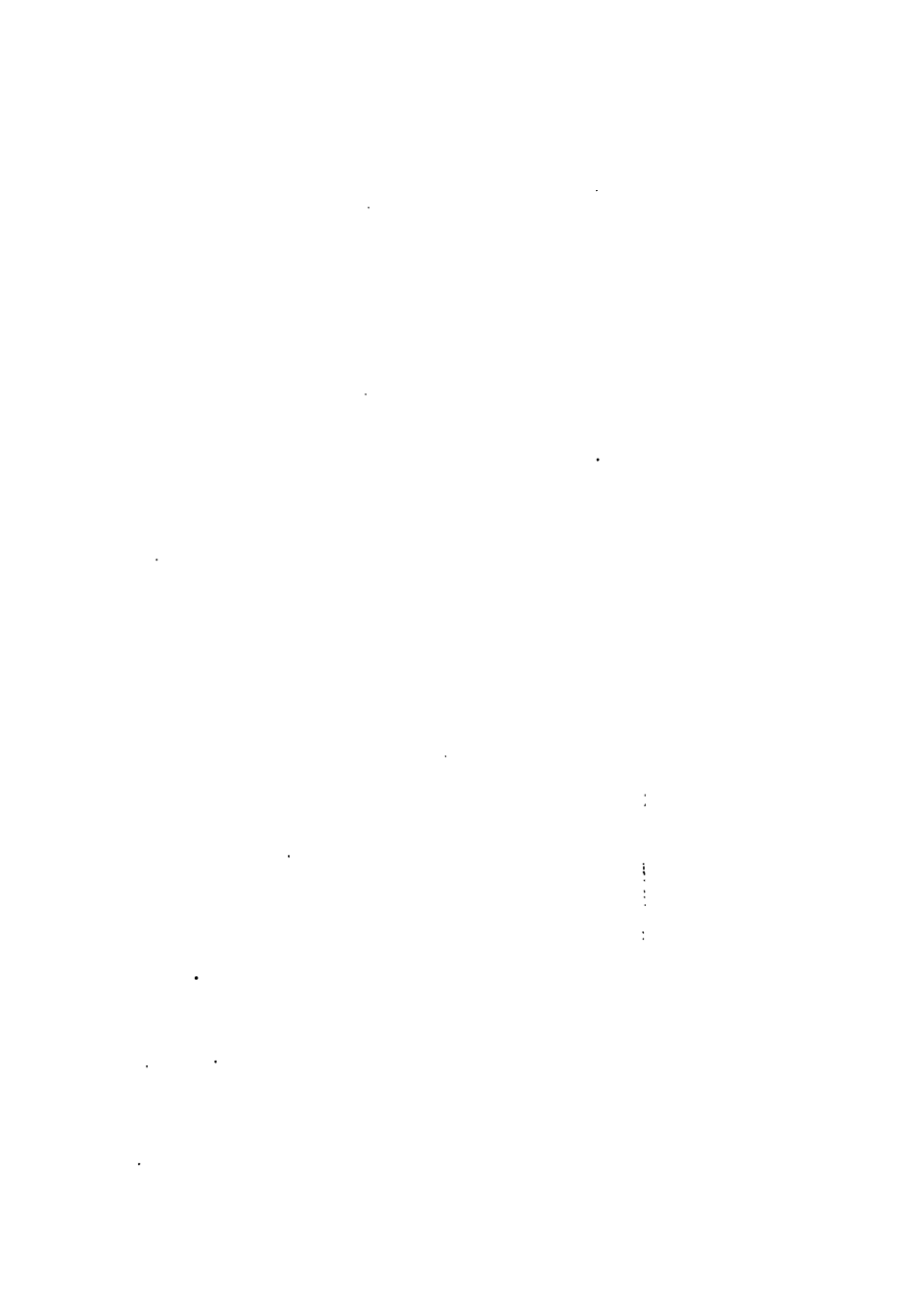
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TO THE MEMORY OF HIM WHO WAS  
FATHER AND FRIEND



# CONTENTS

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## PART I

CHAPTER	PAGE
I.—THE CHUMS . . . . .	1
II.—IN THE STUDIO . . . . .	7
III.—FELICE . . . . .	18
IV.—THE MODEL . . . . .	25
V.—MORE FRIENDS . . . . .	35
VI.—MABEL, FROTHINGHAM AND PERRY . . . . .	38
VII.—A NEW ENGLAND HOME . . . . .	50
VIII.—UNDER THE MOONLIGHT . . . . .	55
IX.—THE ANGEL OF CLAY . . . . .	64
X.—ATWOOD AND MABEL . . . . .	76
XI.—THE POWER OF SONG . . . . .	83
XII.—DANGEROUS SAILING . . . . .	91
XIII.—A LIFE FOR A SOUL . . . . .	100
XIV.—THE WORLD'S IDEA . . . . .	112
XV.—MOTHER AND SON . . . . .	121
XVI.—A FORLORN HOPE . . . . .	132
XVII.—THE MODEL, INSULTED . . . . .	137



## PART II

CHAPTER	Page
I.—THE THORNS OF LIFE . . . .	
II.—CLOSER THAN A BROTHER . . . .	
III.—DEEP WATERS . . . .	
IV.—AN AWKWARD SITUATION . . . .	
V.—A STRANGE FATE . . . .	
VI.—THE ANGEL'S FACE . . . .	
VII.—THE RETURN OF ULYSSES . . . .	
VIII.—MURILLO AND THE MODEL . . . .	
IX. IN THE RECTOR'S STUDY . . . .	
X.—THE SOUL'S AWAKENING . . . .	

## ILLUSTRATIONS

---

	Page
The Angel of Clay . . . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
The Soul's Awakening . . . . .	208



“Mother Earth! Are the heroes dead?  
Do they thrill the soul of the years no more?  
Are the gleaming snows and the poppies red  
All that is left of the brave of yore?  
Are there none to fight as Theseus fought,  
Far in the young world’s misty dawn?  
Or to teach as the gray-haired Nestor taught?  
Mother Earth! Are the heroes gone?

“Gone? In a grander form they rise;  
Dead? We may clasp their hands in ours;  
And catch the light of their clearer eyes,  
And wreath their brows with immortal flowers.  
Wherever a noble deed is done  
’T is the pulse of a hero’s heart is stirred;  
Wherever Right has a triumph won,  
There are the heroes’ voices heard.

“Their armour rings on a fairer field  
Than the Greek and the Trojan fiercely trod,  
For Freedom’s sword is the blade they wield,  
And the light above is the smile of God.  
So, in his isle of calm delight,  
Jason may sleep the years away;  
For the heroes live, and the sky is bright,  
And the world is a braver world to-day.”

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.



# THE ANGEL OF CLAY

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## PART I

### CHAPTER I

#### THE CHUMS.

"Sculpture is more than painting. It is greater  
To raise the dead to life, than to create  
Phantoms that seem to live. . . .

" . . . This vast ball, the earth,  
Was moulded out of clay, and baked in fire;  
Men, women, and all animals that breathe  
Are statues, and not paintings."

MICHELANGELO.

"IT is strange, Jack, how little the world  
knows or seems to care to know about  
sculpture, while every periodical has a picture  
and a story about you painters."

"Well, old fellow, you remember the words  
of Wordsworth, a poet not much in favour in  
these perfervid, noisy days. He says—some-  
where in the *Excursion*, I think it is :

'Strongest minds are often those of whom the noisy world hears least.'

The fact is," the man addressed continued, "there is a savour of passion and sentiment about the painter's studio and life that carries it about on the wings of gossip; but your world, Lawrence, as you say, has the charm to me of things unrevealed to common eyes. And it is better that it should be so. Your studios are workshops, not club-rooms for dandies to parade in. You've got to know how to handle a saw and a jack-plane, and have muscle enough to swing great masses of clay and plaster into place, and sufficient determination, at least, to follow a statue for perhaps three years from the clay-pot to the bronze-foundry. And then, when you have done that, you must wait half a lifetime to find someone with sufficient culture to care for form without the superficial attraction of colour. Yes, Lawrence, you have my sympathy as well as my reverence for your work and your life."

The two speakers were working in a large, rough, barn-like building which had evidently been intended, originally, for a stable, and had been converted, by trussing the roof and taking out the partition and the flooring, into a great studio, that is, great for the centre of a busy city where every square foot of land has a high

market value. The building was not ten minutes' walk from the square where Fifth Avenue and Broadway intersect and bring the fashionable world and the business world together. Few dreamed that there was any such place within a few minutes' walk of these main arteries, where the blood and strength of New York City can be seen to throb and pass on unceasingly.

The two men were interesting types, differently constituted, born in different spheres, unlike in physique and appearance, and yet one in spirit and in sympathy. The one addressed by the name Jack we shall learn to know better when we hear him called by his rightful name of John Atwood—the son of a proud Southern family whose fortunes and lives were given to the Confederate cause. John was wont to say, when people talked about the North and the South :

“ My father believed in the cause of the Confederacy, and he left his body at Bull Run in testimony of his faith.”

Atwood was a man twenty-eight years of age. There were times when he looked older; to-day he would scarcely have been taken for twenty-five. He looked his best when near his friend Lawrence. The one had a good effect upon the other. They had met, these two men, in that curious Bohemia or Bohemian



atmosphere of the Latin Quarter in Paris, where men make quick friendships. Atwood was built on a generous scale, broad shoulders, not too tall — five feet ten and a half, perhaps, — and his features were those that you see in the Continental portraits of a hundred years ago. Indeed, Lawrence used to say to him :

" Jack, all you need is a peruke and knee-breeches, and you could pose for one of the signers of the Declaration."

And Jack would reply to this :

" Well, I suppose if I had been alive in those days, old man, I should have been warring against the existing powers, just as I do now. I wish to heaven I were one of those fellows who can lie back and let the boat drift with the stream, but I cannot. The minute I see things going wrong, be it in the great world outside, or in the little world within me, I am moved to stir around and try to set them right. I think you struck the trouble once, Lawrence, when you were criticising that face Hamilton painted of me in our old studio in the Rue Halle. You did not know that I heard you, old fellow, but the door was open and I came upon you unawares. Your backs were turned to me ; Hamilton was standing back with his palette and his brushes in his hands — I can see him now, in that dainty blue blouse which toned in so perfectly with his complexion."

Dear old fellow! I wish he were here to-day. You, Lawrence, were sitting on a box with your heavy head dropped on your hand and looking intently at the picture. I might have taken everything there was in the place, and I don't believe you fellows would have heard me. 'Well, Lawrence,' said Hamilton, 'tell me what you think of it; is it like Jack or not? Have I caught his character?' 'Like him, my boy?' you replied; 'it is more Jack than anybody knows him except you and myself.' Then you went on: 'Yes, Hamilton, it is no wonder that that fellow finds life uphill work. Look at the weight of that brow; how it overbalances the chin. The brow is heavy enough for the Olympian Jove, but the chin is weak enough to be Swinburne's; or, if it is not going too far for a friend we know and love so well, it would do for a Greek satyr's chin. You see, Hamilton, the features do not pull together. No, not in your picture, I mean, but in actuality, as it is. A man with a face like that can never have any great peace of soul or rest of body. If the brow were lighter, life would be easy enough for Jack. In that case, he would give himself up to the things of this world, and have no worry about making his world tally with the hereafter. If, on the other hand, the chin were heavier, he would give himself wholly to those things which are not

long disturbed by passion and fever in the blood.' You see, Lawrence, my memory is good. That was n't all you said about my face that day, but that is enough, old fellow, for a biographical sketch, and the *Britannica* would scarcely ask for a longer one, even if I rival Turner in startling effects."

Ellerton Lawrence had listened seriously for the most part to all his friend had been saying, working all the time at a bust—a strong man's face that was nearing completion on the modelling stand before him—the portrait of a great preacher recently deceased. But something in the talk seemed a little ponderous, for Lawrence turned, smiling, upon his companion, saying :

"Jack, you must cook the lunch to-day. I've got everything heart could wish for, and all we need is your skill, to turn cold canned goods into steaming hot soup and dishes that have made my mouth water more than once."

"All right," replied Jack; "if I can't paint like Velasquez, I can probably cook better than he ever thought of doing."

And with these words John Atwood removed his brushes carefully from the thumb-hole in the palette, and began wiping them on the half-torn piece of undergarment which he found on a chair near his easel.

## CHAPTER II

### IN THE STUDIO

“Long as thine Art shall love true love,  
Long as thy Science truth shall know,  
Long as thine Eagle harms no Dove,  
Long as thy Law by law shall grow,  
Long as thy God is God above,  
Thy brother every man below,—  
So long, dear Land of all my love,  
Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall grow!”  
SIDNEY LANIER.

WHILE Atwood is preparing the lunch, let us look for a moment more closely at the men, and the studio they inhabit.

Like most artists who have returned from their studies abroad, Lawrence had made the mistake of trying to practise his profession in a city where he was known — let us call it the modern Athens. But he found the old saying of the Bible only too true : “ A prophet is not without honour save in his own country.” Then, too, the proximity of a great university seemed rather to hinder than to help the growth of his art. And this was not to be wondered

at, since the professor of the beautiful arts at that university was wont to affirm that there was no art after Titian, and to confess that he had never entered the studio of a living artist. And yet it was this man who was raised up upon a dais by his highly cultured fellow-townsmen, the residents of this modern Athens, that had many characteristics of the ancient city of that name and lacked only the essential thing—the love of the beautiful. He found the people afraid to express any opinion about art until they had asked what this great professor thought of a picture or a statue; and what could he think or know—keeping himself in an ostrich-like ignorance of the present, his head buried deep in the sands of the past, fearing lest some inspiration or fresh, natural feeling might strike him unawares, and paralyse his senses, bound up in the cerements of convention, and mummified by residence in the tombs of the past?

Lawrence had abandoned this city, because he found also that to make any headway in art there, one had to devote so much time to afternoon teas with their cheap talk and omnipresent gossipy women. Everyone seemed to know or to care for everyone else's private affairs, and his independent spirit made him look upon this as an impertinence, and so when not in his mother's home, he was to be found in his

well-equipped studio in New York. Still, for all his leaving this modern Athens, he cared dearly for the men there, and was a member of a number of clubs, among them, the last to come into existence and the most hopeful, "The Humanitarian Club," or, as it was sometimes called, "Believers in the New Life." Here were to be found at the Saturday lunch a number of the brightest and most manly men in the city.

There were many who came to Lawrence's studio, the best and greatest in the land, as well as the lowest and poorest from the slums of the East Side. Lawrence had an inborn sympathy for all conditions of men, and he knew that no one set or clique could hold all that was good in the world. And this knowledge was to deepen into experience before many years passed over his head. For this reason, while he went often to Unitarian or Universalist gatherings, he had among his friends a well-known clergyman of the Church of England, and men in the clergy and out of it, of all degrees of faith and belief. When anyone asked him to tie himself down to this or that creed, he would reply :

"It is not possible, for I have friends, you see, whom I love dearly, men who hold creeds and beliefs that differ as widely as the tropic from the arctic zone. I find these men striving, each in his own way, to live closer each

day to the life of that perfect man who taught by his life, as well as by his word, that to give, that is, to give one's self, which is the highest giving, is indeed more blessed than to receive."

He loved to repeat the words of the great preacher whose face he was now modelling, a face which seemed to baffle him in spite of every effort. This man had once said to Lawrence :

"My dear Lawrence, I look for the time, and you may live to see it, when there will be one great brotherhood and no sects. Let me call it," this inspired prophet went on to say, "the resultant Church." And Lawrence would recall how he mentioned each Church in turn, taking from each some characteristic to make up this great brotherhood which took for its ideal that simple life of the Galilean Carpenter, with whom to be was greater than to have.

All artists are cranks, more or less, and some of Lawrence's friends, mostly those who were given to the good things of this life, would say:

"You see, Lawrence is a humanitarian crank. Of course he works like the devil and so he gets on, but if he would only stop those everlasting missions for humanity and take better care of his bank account, the fellow would

be laying by something for a rainy day, instead of attempting to pull out of the mire every poor chap who runs up against him."

There was one man who tried to foist this philosophy upon Lawrence — one Boardman, a kind-hearted fellow who came often to the studio, a man of gentle breeding, most kindly feeling, and generous culture, but a fellow given too much to champagne suppers and the fat things of this life. He could not understand the ascetic, missionary spirit which burned in the heart of the sculptor.

Lawrence confided in Atwood more than anyone else, for the love of humanity burned in the painter also.

"What is the use," Lawrence would say to Atwood, "of living in this world, unless a man can be of some use to his fellows? Life is not worth its cost; the game is not worth the candle. We know this, old fellow, even in our short lives; and God only knows how much agony there may yet be in store for us. I believe first of all in a rounded manhood. Take that thing to start with, and then, no matter how this being manifests himself, he will do his work simply and honestly and greatly. If he sees the world in terms of beauty, why, he will be a great artist. However he interpret the world, he will do it greatly. All this claptrap and nonsense about



art for art's sake, we know, is what the English call 'rot.' If these new men, with their bizarre ideas in painting and sculpture, which they have learnt in the hothouse schools of Paris, are right, why then we must discredit and set aside the great masters. But, Atwood, it is fortunate we had some intellectual training before we left America, so that we were able to hold Paris at arm's length, notwithstanding her fascination, and to judge of her as she is, more than as she appears to be."

"And fortunate for us, Lawrence," Atwood here interrupted, "that we went to Italy first, and had our tastes and sentiments drawn out in a natural, human manner before we went to Paris, where the working out the theme to-day is all that is considered, and the subject-matter is lost sight of — that is, the great sculptor takes for a model a woman of the street, and asks her to take a position where she may appear like Diana, the chaste goddess of the hearth. Of course, as she cannot mentally grasp Diana, she cannot assume anything else than a theatrical interpretation of a virtue she does not possess. When the sculptor has finished the statue, he attaches to it the name 'Diana,' exhibits it in the Salon, and is not graced with so much as a necklace, and the admiring French public look at it with greedy eyes and exclaim, '*Très intéressant.*' Old fellow, there

is a tremendous lot of nonsense about the decadent Salon and the claptrap of the Parisian art of to-day. I believe it would make Millet sick if he were to come to life again, and go through these flippant schools. How can a people who have faith in neither God nor man pretend to do anything good in art or life? And these fellows get together over a bottle of Julien here in Sixth Avenue,—which Julien is not pure wine any more than their art is pure, but a little acid and water,—and call us Philistines because we dare to think. It seems to be criminal to think in art to-day. A man must hack away at his clay without rhyme or reason ; only contort and twist his figure into some strange and exaggerated shape which will catch the eyes of the groundlings, and he has achieved a great thing. If he paints frescoes, he must paraphrase Botticelli, and make impossible blue garments and the most purple of hills, and blue everywhere, or else he is snubbed as a member of the old school. Would to God sanity were a little more sought for by our artists ! ”

So Atwood and Lawrence would talk by the hour together over their respective arts, and the hopes and dangers which attended them. Ellerton took a great deal of comfort in Atwood's musical gifts, and often in the twilight hours Atwood would take out from a corner

set aside for his own personal effects a violin which his friend had given him on his birthday after their return to America,—one he had bought at a sale of the effects of Ole Bull and which had been a favourite with the great master. So, after the weary hours were passed and the clay statues wetted down and covered, Lawrence would stretch himself out on the rough sofa, while Atwood would walk up and down with the violin held firmly but tenderly to himself, and play music, consoling and inspiring, and always refreshing after the strain of creative work. Lawrence loved especially Schubert's *Ave Maria*, and Hauser's *Berceuse*. When Atwood felt particularly tense and tired he would sweep from these more consolatory pieces into the inspiring *Largo* by Handel. Both of them loved serious music, and found more rest and recreation in the repose inspired by the great masters than in the light and brilliant music of the composers of the day.

Lunch finished, Atwood began walking backward and forward, scrutinising his work for more satisfaction than usual.

"Ellerton," he finally ejaculated, "you are not always a kind critic, but I believe you are a just one,—which is something in these days,—and I know you have seen things in the world contains, and you ought to say something about it. Now, tell me, old fellow,"

joking aside, how do you like this face I am finishing ? ”

“ What do you mean, Jack ; the painting, the expression, or the sitter ? ” the other answered laconically.

“ Well, criticise the painting first, the character second, and the subject third and last. I place the subject last, because once she was first in my affections, but my brow got the better of my chin and I care more for the painting than I do for the sentiment.”

“ Well, Jack, the painting is good. It is one of your best efforts. I have never seen the face, but it is a charming bit of colour. The flesh tones and tints are more like life than you have ever painted them before. The drawing is excellent, and if anything is to be said,—which seems like hypercriticism,—it is this : the red colour in the girl’s cheek is just a bit warm for that light background. Tone it down a bit, my boy ; I think it will make better harmony. By George ! One does not find a sitter like that every day, Jack. That face has the beginning of a Juno in it.”

“ Yes, old fellow, there is the possibility in it of a Minerva, but the possibility will never be realised.”

“ What is the nationality of your subject, Jack, now that I have criticised the painting ? ”

Jack answered laughingly :

" You might say, from Rome, but in truth, my boy, she comes from Chicago. Strange types are thrown up there by the mingling of the races. Her mother was an Italian, of what lineage the Lord only knows; and her father, one Hartmann, I have heard it said, was a man of parts, an American, who went to Italy in the search of health, and fell ill there, and was taken care of by his model, whom he finally married. The poor fellow died out there, and the wife came home with this one little daughter, to look after whatever property the wandering artist might have in America. His people would not recognise her, and she fell in with a curious set out there, call it Bohemian, or artistic, or what you will, and the little girl was educated — well, you know how such children are developed, if you can call that education. She was bright enough, and if a little of heaven's light had been let in upon her in those early days, why, she might have been the Juno the canvas suggests to you."

Lawrence stood leaning against his modelling stand, looking intently at the picture, and thinking of his friend's words and of the rich type of physical beauty on the canvas before him. He awoke suddenly from his dream, saying to Atwood :

" It is a face, Jack, you could put into colour, and with it fascinate the world; but were I to

put it into sober form, and tell its whole truth, it would be to the world what Cleopatra was to Mark Antony, and its mission would be to weaken and not to strengthen mankind. It is a dangerous face, my boy," Lawrence continued, "and yet a strangely fascinating one. Dear God, if such wild beauty might be run into stern New England mould and sanctified, what a rare combination we should have! The mould would be improved as well as the cast."

2

## CHAPTER III

### FELICE

"A fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy."  
*Hamlet.*

AFTER further chat with Lawrence over a long clay pipe and a cup of black coffee, Atwood took his painting under his arm, and, asking his friend to drop in later in the afternoon, departed to his own studio in an adjoining street within a stone's throw of the square. Ellerton was left alone with his work and with his faithful moulder and studio-keeper, Felice.

Felice formed as much a part of the studio as the clays and the casts, or even the sculptor himself. In fact, he was a creation of the studios. Lawrence had found him first in Florence. He had come to him one afternoon asking for work and saying he had forsaken the padrone's shop where Lawrence had been accustomed to find him when he had any small things to be cast.

"Why, of course," Lawrence had said in response to his request; "come over to the

studio and I 'll make up a shop for you in one of the corners, and you shall bring your tools and old bird-cages and everything you have got except your wife and child. For the present, at least, they had better remain in their picturesque little nest overhanging the Arno."

So Felice had come as a cat comes to try new quarters, and liking them he had stayed — stayed through the two years or more that Lawrence passed in his studios in or about Florence, and went with him from Florence to Paris, where he spent three years after leaving Italy, and then followed him to the United States accompanied by his German wife ; for, strange to say, Felice had married a German woman with one little daughter, and the two had come to look upon Lawrence as the beacon-light who was to guide their various ships into port.


And now we find Felice part and parcel of the New York studio, as much at home there as if he had been born in the metropolis. No matter how sad Lawrence might be, Felice, true to his name, was always happy. Nothing discouraged him, nothing daunted him. He dreamt constantly of great riches and diamond mines and flying-machines, and all the intangible things which delude and delight those happy people who chase butterflies from the beginning of life to its close. He was what



the French people call a "type." He had that mother-wit which cannot be acquired, the wit which makes Shakespeare's clowns as interesting and as lovable as the leading characters of his dramas. Ellerton never thought of him without repeating Hamlet's words upon the skull of Yorick.

Felice was a philosopher, and, for all his gaiety, there was about him just a touch of the sadness of the melancholy Jaques. No one can be wholly gay without bordering at times on the deepest pathos. But his tears fell through smiles and the great world was deceived by the smiles, no matter what he felt or what misery he passed through. There were times when the domestic relations were perhaps a little strained, and, remembering his early love in Italy, he had regrets for the land he had abandoned, and the sunny natures he had left behind him.

One of Felice's strong points, in his own estimation, was the discussion of religious matters, and on the day in question he had been roused by an article on the Pope in an Italian paper, sent from Florence by his fat mother — so fat, Felice would say, that there was no horse-car in Florence sufficiently large to take her in, and as she was too poor to hire a "vettura" except on the feast of the "Annunciata" or some rare occasion, she was obliged to content herself with the phases of life she could see



from her window in the Mercato Vecchio— which is no small world in itself.

Felice had little faith in popes, although he swore to having an uncle who was a priest, who, after the death of Felice's father, had tried to persuade the fat mother into making Felice an acolyte. And while he discredited all belief in the popes and the churches, he claimed on certain festal days to have disbursed as much as four soldi for a candle to burn in memory of his dead father, whom he had loved with the devotion of a dog.

The article in the paper had stirred Felice's gall, and he turned to Lawrence, asking how any man had the right or dared to say he had the power to forgive the people's sins.

"Don't you see, Signore," he went on, "this religion is making a nation of rascals of the Italians. Why, for every peccadillo or crime a man commits, a franc to the father confessor will buy absolution, and the knave goes off with three francs left in his pocket with which to get drunk and start out on a new career of crime. The next time he commits a larger theft, and lays by a little more after paying for having his soul absolved and easing his conscience with an extra bottle of Chianti, and he is enabled by careful saving to grow rich and eventually become a prince of the realm. I think sometimes, Signore, the

Medicis must have acquired their wealth in this way."

Lawrence replied that he thought it was quite possible.

"But old Savonarola," Felice broke in, "would not absolve the great Julianio in spite of all his efforts. Now he was a priest after my own heart. 'Make Florence free,' he said, 'and I will make you free of your sins.' But Julianio turned his face to the wall, unwilling to make this sacrifice, and died, 'having enslaved his city.' Now if Savonarola were living to-day, I would cast in a vote to make a pope of him, and my wife and her little girl and my own boy Danialle would vote for him also."

Lawrence had listened to so much of this chatter, and had become so used to assent in order that he might go on with his work and not have to stop and take up a vehement argument, that Felice would continue in this strain for an hour at a time. The work Lawrence was doing was a nervous and tiresome one, the face of a great man spoken of in a previous chapter — a man who, while he belonged to an established church, was large enough to comprehend all forms of religion and to acknowledge the good in each; a man whose life had been for the good of the whole people, and who was a glorious specimen of the Anglo-Saxon at

his best ; one who had put himself on record as saying : " Let us always feel that to accept a new belief is not to build a wall beyond which we cannot pass, but to open the door to a great, fresh, free region, in which our souls are to live. And just so is it when we come to the moral things of life. The man puts aside some sinfulness. He breaks down the wall that has been shutting his soul out of its higher life." One of the archetypal men, of whom Longfellow writes in his sonnets, he showed the amplitude of nature's first design, and his discourse was indeed like a generous wine, for it freed men's souls and lifted them above the sordid ideas of daily getting and spending. Lawrence had known this great preacher and had loved him. He had shown some appreciation for the artist's early work, and had visited him several times in the studio. But the face was an impossible one for sculpture, and Lawrence, while he had accepted a commission to execute it, felt that he was undertaking an almost hopeless task.

Felice kept shooting out these questions and assertions about the Pope, and the Church, and Jew, and Gentile, until something touched like a rasp Ellerton's nervous, sensitive nature, and he turned, saying :

" For heaven's sake, Felice, stop your everlasting clatter about Pope and Church, and

devote your conversation more to the political arena and less to religious matters, which are a little beyond your scope. It is my business to make statues, and it is your business to cast them, and if we attended a little more closely to our especial calling, I believe we would be a little better for it and our pocketbooks fatter. Now put that philosophy in your old clay pipe and smoke it, and here is a bottle of beer to comfort you for my shutting you up so abruptly. I am off to Signor Atwood's studio for an hour. Don't come for me unless a telegram or some urgent matter demands, and so,—*addio*."

## CHAPTER IV

### THE MODEL

"Nay, Love, you did give all I asked, I think—  
More than I merit, yes, by many times.  
But had you—oh, with the same perfect brow  
And perfect eyes, and more than perfect mouth,  
And the low voice my soul hears, as a bird  
The fowler's pipe, and follows to the snare—  
Had you, with these the same, but brought a mind!  
Some women do so. Had the mouth there urged,  
'God and the glory! never care for gain,'  
I might have done it for you. So it seems:  
Perhaps not. All is as God overrules."

BROWNING.

**I**T was growing dark as the sculptor passed  
down the street, wrapt in the life of the  
great man whose difficult face seemed to evade  
his grasp, and rang the bell which led to his  
friend's studio. The outer door was opened by  
a long string pulled from somewhere in the  
back, and he passed through a dark entry out  
into a yard, up a flight of wooden steps, then  
up three stairways, and finally, at the top of  
the house, came to Atwood's studio.

The door was wide open, for the afternoon

was unusually warm for May, and Lawrence did not knock, but entered quietly, fearing lest he might disturb the sitter, if there should be one. The light was almost gone in the studio, and it took Lawrence a moment or two to get accustomed to it, and there, at the far end of the studio, he saw a figure leaning upon one arm with face upturned, the eyes closed as if in meditation, or possibly sleep. And to the right of the figure was his friend Jack, with palette, brushes, and paint thrown down on the floor before him, his elbows resting on his knees, his chin dropped into the palms of his hands, studying the figure with the intentness of one who is wrapt up in his subject and is oblivious to everything about him.

The sculptor dropped into a chair near by, struck with the peculiar and rare beauty of the sitter. He recognised at a glance the face that Atwood had shown him in the morning, and he realised at the same moment that Atwood had caught but a part of the physical charm, and that the model had much more beauty of form than Atwood had embodied. The skin was a dream of colour. There are no words in the language to describe such beauty; that can only be told by the painter or possibly the musician. The sculptor finds himself powerless to express the rose-tinted skin of this blonde type of woman. The hair was of a

chestnut colour, touched up with a ray of gold here and there just sufficient to lighten its sombreness. If one could warm alabaster by placing near it a Jacqueminot rose, or take the clearest amber and shoot it through with the softness of the yellow and red roses of Southern France, he would have some faint idea of the beauty of such a shoulder and neck. With that, imagine features fairly regular, without one trace of pain or suffering, no lines in the face, soft shadows thrown underneath even eyebrows, and lips modelled with the fullness of one who enjoys life and means to enjoy it to the fullest. A tall figure, well proportioned.

The costume was that of Sappho. It had long been a cherished wish of Atwood to paint a figure of the Grecian poetess. He used to rave over the fragments of poetry Sappho left behind her. One, particularly, would thrust itself upon Lawrence at this moment, as he looked upon the sleeping model.

"Sweetest mother, I can weave no more to-day  
For such thoughts of him come thronging—  
Him for whom my heart is longing—  
That I know not where my weary fingers stray."

He did not on this afternoon discover that she had every qualification for the picture she was posing for, but one ; but we shall hear of this hereafter. Anyone might have noticed that



his artistic nature was greatly moved by the physical beauty of the model.

"If I could add one thing to that face, I should be able to create the figure of the angel that has haunted me through so many nights. Strange," he thought, "how closely she tallies with this angel of my dreams. I wonder, were I to put two soft white wings on those shoulders, would my angel be complete?"

The model turned in the chair at this moment, awoke languidly, and asked Jack in broken language, as of one who is but half awake, if he had finished with her for the day.

"And I must not forget," she continued, "that I am going to a ball to-night and have no roses."

"No doubt there will be a bunch at the door by the time you arrive there, Julia—Miss Hartmann, I mean," said Atwood, realising the presence of his friend.

"Miss Hartmann! What do you mean?" she reiterated, looking up and for the first time noticing the presence of another man in the room.

"Miss Hartmann, this is my old friend, Ellerton Lawrence, of whom you have heard me speak often enough."

"Yes, I have heard you speak frequently of Mr. Lawrence. Why, it was he who was with you in the Latin Quarter in Paris, of which

you have told me so much and which has made me so restless with this prosy New York that I am thinking seriously, when my ship comes in, of spending the rest of my life in that delightful Bohemian Paris of yours. I think it would suit my tastes perfectly. Life is all cut and dried for you here. In fact, I could not stand it, if it were not for the studios."

Lawrence was taken aback a little and his finer sensibilities shocked by something, he could not tell what, in the woman's voice. He did not care to analyse it, for the woman's face, form, and colouring, the dress draped about the shoulders revealing the neck and the arms, which were bare — all these things had taken possession of his senses. It was the colour and the form which still fascinated him. He was saying to himself, not heeding her words :

"If I could breathe one breath of Mabel Frothingham into that figure, she would make an angel that would startle the world and heaven itself."

The whole wild fervour of the artistic nature was working within him. His own passionate love for beauty was subservient to the desire to fasten in some enduring form the beauty that he saw in this rare type. She seemed to him as one of those strange night moths which he had run across often of summer nights in the

old town in his walks about the garden of his home — of a loveliness exotic and so fragile that he feared lest a touch should destroy the velvety texture of this creation born of the shadows of night. In reality she was much the creation that his imagination had likened her to : born of many shadows, brought up and nurtured in an unnatural atmosphere, fed on adulation, starved and surfeited in turn, and now the queen of a realm which is as potent as that Cleopatra wielded when the glory of Roman manhood lay at her feet.

“ Mr. Lawrence, you are a sculptor,” she said ; “ I posed once for a sculptor. It was for the figure of some Eastern queen—I do not remember the character exactly. In fact, I have never had much to do with history and books. My father knew something about them, I am told. But I know I was dressed in a most gorgeous costume. Why, it was only a year ago this May. You knew him, Mr. Atwood ? ”

“ Yes, I knew him,” Atwood replied, rather sadly ; “ he is dead now.”

“ Yes,” Miss Hartmann continued ; “ I went one morning to his studio, and when I entered I screamed, for there before the statue in clay he lay on the floor, his arms clasped about its feet, a tool in one of his hands as if he had been striving to reach up to the statue and had been unable to do so. The scene haunts

me still, on rainy nights, when I am alone in my rooms. I wish I had never gone there or never seen him."

She turned to change her costume behind a screen in the back studio. Atwood spoke bitterly to his friend :

" Miss Hartmann did not tell you why this sculptor was found dead. She had more to do with it than she knows. Remind me to tell you the story, one day, when we are alone ; and, Lawrence, let me warn you. Her personality is one you must beware of. She is not bad,— in fact, she is rather kind-hearted,— but irresponsible to a degree that we can never understand, born and brought up as we have been. Poor Julia! my heart aches for her at times; and yet, so far, I have managed to keep my head, and, as you say, I have not let my chin get the best of me. By the by, old fellow, do you hear anything from Mabel Frothingham? I want to talk to you about her, when I next come to your studio. Do what I will, I cannot get her out of my thoughts. I think you might do me a good turn there, Lawrence, for you have known her all your life, and you told me once she seemed like a sister to you."

" My dear boy," Lawrence responded, " I will do anything I can for you with Mabel, you know that. But for all her sweetness she is a determined little lady, and many a suitor has

come to the rectory with high hopes and gone away with a sad heart. I know this from mother. She tells her everything.

"By the way," he continued, as if from an after-thought, "Mrs. Schuyler is talking of going up to see mother, in a fortnight or so. Why not go with us and try your fortune with Mabel then?"

Miss Hartmann had now changed her costume, and had on her pretty street dress and a hat with a veil drawn over the face, and, as she came forward to bid Lawrence good-bye, Atwood broke in with :

"Lawrence, I am going to ask you to put Miss Hartmann on a car which passes her apartment. I must wash these brushes and get ready to go out to-night. It is varnishing night at the Academy, and there'll be a number there. I wish you would come in if you can, in the course of the evening. I want to introduce you to a fellow named Perry, who is coming to the studio to pose for a portrait, which he has given me to paint, of his dead mother. His eyes and hair are the same, he says, as hers, and his face will help me greatly in the work."

"Strange you should know a Perry," Lawrence replied; "I had an old schoolmate of that name. You have heard me speak of him, I believe. He lived in our town. Probably no

relative of this one, however, for I have not heard of him for several years."

Ellerton passed out of the studio with Miss Hartmann. It had grown quite dark now, and he lit her way with matches as they went down the stairs, showing her the natural gallantry which he showed to every woman, no matter what her state or condition of life, and to-night especially to this girl who had been posing as the dreaming Sappho, and had thrown about this young sculptor a fascination which he had not yet analysed and which he did not care to.

They walked on for some distance and scarcely a word was spoken. He seemed under a spell, and, indeed, so he was. There is a kind of beauty which intoxicates us as much as a strong wine will do. When they got to the cars she said :

" Mr. Lawrence, I believe I won't ride, but walk home to-night and take the air. I feel rather nervous, but I will not trouble you to come any farther." But he insisted that he could not think of her going home alone at this hour, and kept steadily at her side. They said but little ; and Lawrence could not help thinking that she must think him very stupid, and yet for the life of him he could not speak naturally, and all his expressions seemed false. He asked her if she liked music. She said she cared for the opera, and the excitement, the

bright dresses, and the flowers ; that she had Italian blood in her veins in spite of her colouring, and that she believed all Italians were born with a love for music. After a few broken sentences and exclamations, and no real conversation, they came to the door of an apartment-house between the Park and a square on the West Side, in a respectable part of the city, and she bade him good-night after promising to come to his studio in the following week to see a sketch he had made for the figure of an angel.

He had said nothing about her posing.

## CHAPTER V

### MORE FRIENDS

“As poets should,  
Thou hast built up thy hardihood  
With universal food;  
    Drawn in select proportion fair  
    From honest mould and vagabond air;  
From darkness of the dreadful night,  
    And joyful light.”

SIDNEY LANIER.

LAWRENCE'S studio, as we have said, was a rendezvous for men, young and old, who were interested in different movements for the bettering of humanity, as well as in art. Among these men there was one especially dear to the sculptor, by name Richmond Brewer, an enthusiastic socialist, at that time in the editorial department of one of the leading newspapers. It was at the dedication of Lawrence's first statue that he met Brewer, being introduced to him by Professor Drummond, an old friend of Ellerton's, and a man of wide learning. The men took a liking to one another from the first moment. Brewer



expressed a frank admiration for Lawrence's work, and something in the face of Brewer attracted the artist. As the days went on they met as often as is possible for men whose lives are busy in the full stream of modern life. When they did not speak of art it was generally of poetry, of which both were very fond.

Another friend who came frequently to the studio, whose life touched and uplifted the lives of all with whom he was thrown professionally or in private life, was one who shall be known in these pages as the "Good Physician"—for good he was in its truest sense. He had been very close to Ellerton since the latter came to town and took a studio there. His office was about ten blocks away, but no week passed without Lawrence finding his way there or the Good Physician dropping in upon the sculptor as the day's work was done. The latter had a peculiar faculty for saddling himself with what are known among artists as "poor devils." Men who had been unfortunate in all conditions of life seemed to drift to his studio, and in some way to feel that they had a right to call upon his sympathy or his purse. If it had not been for the Good Physician and Atwood, Ellerton would soon have had to close the studio door and give himself utterly to the care of the unfortunate.

When the physician would chance in and

find Ellerton, his work laid aside, listening patiently to some tale of woe, he would take the stranger aside and get the truth from him by a few well-directed questions. But he would keep the sculptor in the back studio while, with his hard common sense, he got to the bottom of the stranger's need, and either sent him away with some well deserved reprimand for troubling an artist at his work or else to some institution where people in his unfortunate condition were cared for.

"My dear friend," Lawrence would say, "if it were not for you, these fellows would make short shrift of me."

"Well, if I protect you in one way, you make it up to me, Ellerton, in another."

## CHAPTER VI

### MABEL FROTHINGHAM AND PERRY

"She is a woman ; one in whom  
The spring-time of her childish years  
Hath never lost its sweet perfume,  
Through knowing well that life hath room  
For many blights and many tears."

LOWELL.

AS long as she could remember, Mabel Frothingham had heard the birds singing about the old garden, and as long as she could remember, she had sung back to them. She had not only song in common with the birds, but many other characteristics which endeared her to the townspeople. There was not a cottage where the angel of suffering and death had not been met by this angel of patience and hope. She belonged to the town as much as the old trees which swung over the roads, shutting out the hot sun and playing strange freaks with the moonlight, and as the stars which shone down steadfastly from overhead. Painters who strayed into the town from time to time thought it a privilege to be

asked to tea in the study of the rector, where Mabel presided, taking care of her father's home while he took care of the eternal welfare of the townspeople. She had a quiet dignity and a reserved sweetness that made her appear older than her face and her years.

The rector was a man of sixty, of medium height, delicate physique, and a spiritual face. He wore the side-whiskers, and had the accent, of an Englishman, or of one who had lived in or about Boston, and who had passed some years in a university town in England. He was not a forceful man, but he was the very man to meet the conditions of the surroundings he found in his parish, and he wrought there more by love than by force of will or intellect. He was a man of scholarly attainments, however, without being great as a student or a philosopher. It was not hard intellectuality but loving sympathy that his people most wanted. In earlier life he had travelled about the Continent enough to touch life on many sides and to see the best in art and literature, and he had returned to his own land after the loss of his only son,—who had been accidentally shot at an initiation into a Greek-Letter Society,—to dedicate whatever days remained, as he expressed to Lawrence on one occasion, to making the world a little better for his having lived in it.

"My dear boy," he would say, as he took the young man lovingly by the arm, "my dear boy, remember this, that you pass through the world but once. There are many roads which you travel for the first time and will never be permitted to pass again; therefore, my boy, do what good you can to those who meet you, while you have the chance. If you can give them nothing more than a pleasant word or a happy smile, give this with a glad heart and learn the blessedness of giving. With your gifts and your nature, the desire will come to you to gather up the things of this life for which all men strive—fame, reputation, money, all the accessories which make life delightful and that cater to the intellect and to the senses, power, and that greatest of all things, the love of woman. All these you may have if you care to strive for them, or if you find them worthy of your best effort. But no matter what you strive for, you can get from the world only what you bring to it. Men imagine that it is not so. They say that they have devoted their lives to the study of their art or that science or mercantile pursuit, and it has left them in middle life little better than paupers. You look into such a life and you find that they have not in truth given themselves to the things they desired greatly to possess, but the actual self, their heart's desire,

was given to some other occupation or dissipation, and this they acquire, good or bad. Some have thought too much of their fellow-men to devote themselves selfishly to the pursuit of an art or a science which demands all of the man; therefore they have not achieved the greatest success in that direction. But you and I believe that such men have achieved something which is of more enduring worth than all the arts of the earth. We believe, you and I, Ellerton,"—he had a comforting way of making the young man his chum by including him in all the spiritual achievement he had attained,—“we know that the making of a man is the greatest work in the world, and that it is better to round out life on some grand plan or scale than to create a world of art.”

On this particular Sunday, the day after Lawrence had arrived home,—for scarcely a fortnight passed without his making a trip to his mother's house,—he had ridden to church with his mother, and the rector had invited them both to drive around to the rectory and stay through the afternoon for a cup of tea, promising to walk back with them through the twilight. So the mother and Mabel drove in the Lawrences' old family carriage and the rector and Ellerton walked on and on, holding the conversation just referred to.

From his boyhood Ellerton had known the

rector ; the old man had pulled him out of many a scrape, and his kindly talks had saved him from the pitfalls into which many of his companions had fallen, to the ruin of the finer man. Their conversation drifted from subject to subject, and finally the rector asked Lawrence about a friend, one of the boy's dearest companions, who had gone up with him to the city years ago, and never returned but once to the old town.

" I wish, Mr. Frothingham, I could give you some good news of Perry, but I cannot, though, strangely enough, my chum mentioned him the other day. Yet I have hopes for him ; he still holds his old place in my heart, although he has forfeited his position in the society of the men we knew in town, and I could not now take him to your house to meet Mabel, because he has dragged his nature — and a beautiful nature it once was — through the mire. Poor Perry ! My heart aches for him, and if the time ever comes when he should care to change his life for the old one we once lived together, I shall meet him half way, forget the past, take up the new life, and let the seven years that have gone drop out of existence as if they had never been."

" Lawrence," interrupted Mr. Frothingham, " is it true that he not only has become a gambler, but has actually been the head of a gambling den in the city ? "

"I fear all this is true," replied Lawrence, "and perhaps more."

"Is it true that Mrs. Manning entrusted all her funds into his keeping because his face was so like the face of her boy who was killed eight years ago on the railroad while with Perry, and that he put these funds into a faro bank in New York City, and at that very time was living in your apartment in New York?"

"All that is true, Mr. Frothingham," Ellerton replied, drawing a long breath, "and I shall never forget the day I discovered there were two Perrys. I had come home to my rooms, or rather the room we held in common, in the early afternoon—a thing unusual for me, for I worked late at the studio in those days—I had returned, as I said, to my rooms, and had picked up a volume of Shelley. I remember the day and the book and the verse. The thing is like a nightmare to me now, and I recall it with the vividness with which horrible things seem to haunt us. 'T was the last verse of Shelley's 'Ode to the West Wind,' and I was wrapt up in it. You remember the verse, don't you? It runs like this:

'Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth  
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!  
Be through my lips to unawakened earth,  
The trumpet of a prophecy! O wind,  
If winter comes, can spring be far behind?'



I was pulling myself out of a fit of the blues with this splendid invocation, when a sharp knock, repeated, as if it were a secret sign, came at the door and a man entered without noise in answer to my call. The face repelled me at once,—low brow, large moustache, while the eyes had a watery, uncertain look and never fastened on mine once while he was in the room. ‘Mr. Perry here?’ he asked gruffly, as one who had some authority and who had been here before to find him. ‘No,’ I replied, ‘but I can transact any business for him, for I am his chum. I know all his affairs, as he knows mine, and if you want anything of him, you can have it of me, provided you have any right to anything of his.’ I did not add what I felt, namely, that I did not believe that there was much aside from Perry’s cast-off clothing that would fit such a face or character. ‘So you can transact any business for Mr. Perry?’ he replied, taking the words out of my mouth. ‘Yes, I believe I can,’ I replied sharply. ‘Well, then, if that is the case, I have found what he is looking for, and the landlord, who is an odd cove, wants some money down at once as a guaranty that we mean to hold the premises for at least six months, and he swears he will not squeal, and nobody need know that our little bank is conducted on different principles from the business

of Drexel, Morgan & Co.' 'I don't quite understand you,' I replied. 'Well, I can make it clear to you in two minutes,' the fellow said. 'Perry, with whom I have done business in one way or another for the last two or three years, promised me fifty plunks if I could find him a place where he could carry on a bank of his own, and I have been looking about for two weeks, until by good luck I struck one on the West Side last night.' 'A faro bank?' I looked the man straight in the face, but he evaded my eyes as he had done since he entered the room. 'Yes,' the fellow replied, 'if you know his business you must know that there is no keener hand at faro in New York City than the Commodore, as we call him.' Commodore, and faro bank, and the West Side, and this man's face, and Perry's large blue eyes were all going round and round the room, and I managed to drop into an armchair at hand and closed my eyes, so that this individual might not discover my surprise and bewilderment. Dear, dear God! I thought, my own best loved and trusted friend, who had stood by me through thick and thin; paid my debts once when I was in trouble, and saved me from the scrapes into which every artist falls who has a kindly nature and no business ability. Perry, who had eaten, drunk, and slept with me from the days we were at

boarding-school together, and who stood up once and thrashed the master who was about to thrash me. I thought of his mother. I had stood at her dying bedside with Perry,— only two of us and the physician, and she had said to me, 'Lawrence, you love my boy, no matter what comes,' and I had promised her that I would stand by him and love him always. All this passed through my mind while that fellow was still standing there with his hat on his head, glancing about the apartment. I felt like a man who had been struck in the face and whose wits had gone for the moment. Slowly I gathered up the loose ends, and brought my eyes to bear on this specimen of humanity, who stood claiming himself to be the companion or employé of my chum. 'I was mistaken,' I said to him, 'when I told you I knew all of Mr. Perry's affairs. You will have to see him in person. I know nothing about this bank to which you refer.' 'Oh, very well,' said the fellow, 'I will come in later; and by the by, could you not give me something to drink, for I am as dry as a whistle.' I had a strong impulse to kick the man out of the room and down the stairs. I thought how many stairs there were. I knew them well, for I used to come home so tired that the last ones seemed like mountains in the distance. But I remember thinking that the

man had some claims on Perry, and that I should have to treat him with some decency at least. This much I did say, however, that we did not keep a barroom there, and he could get something to drink on Broadway, if he needed it. He went out, slamming the door behind him, and I could hear him going out into the street. I rose from my chair dazed, and walked up and down the room. Finally I sank down into the chair again, and thought of the old days and Perry at school with me, and the boats we had owned together, and how he had taught me to sail, for he knew all about shipping and yachts, and this miserable scene slipped away in the old memories—when I was startled by Perry's cheery voice, calling to me from the other room. 'Well, old fellow, dreaming again, eh? Sitting like Michelangelo in the picture there, and thinking about your "Moses," I suppose, or some fine "Venus" you are going to cut out of the marble some day when we get rich and I can own a quarry over there in Italy. By the by,' he went on, 'you know, El,'—El was what he always called me when we were together,—'I am going to make a lot of money soon, and I want you to take part of it and go to Paris and stay there as long as you wish and then come back here and knock all these fellows out, and win a name and fame for yourself and make your mother everlastingly

proud of you.' As he spoke these last words about my mother he turned from the glass where he was trying on a new scarf,—for he was one of the best-dressed men in town,—and looked me full in the face. I remember his eyes to this moment — large blue eyes, as innocent as a baby's; the bright colour of a healthy country boy, a thick-set physique that could withstand any hardship that bone and muscle run up against. I could not reply, for I felt a peculiar choking in my throat, a strange numbness at my heart. Finally I managed to blurt out something about his always thinking of my good—which was a fact, for the fellow thought much more of my good than of his own. He went on dressing and I sat there with the Shelley still in my hands, stupefied, following out, or trying to, the dual life of this man, who had been more to me than any brother ever could have been. 'Well,' he said after a few moments, 'I am off, across to the West Side on business, and I'll not be back till late to-night. Don't wait for me, and I will come in quietly so as not to wake you. Good-bye, old man; mind you don't get the blues, and remember that I am going to make a trip possible for you before many years have passed over our heads.' "

Mr. Frothingham had listened intently to the whole narrative, not interrupting Ellerton

once, and when Lawrence looked up,— for the minister had found a quiet seat for them by the roadside,—he saw the old man's eyes were full of tears.

“ Well, well, my boy,” said the rector slowly,  
“ let us pray that our Prodigal may yet return.”

## CHAPTER VII

### A NEW ENGLAND HOME

“The lovely town was white with apple-blooms,  
And the great elms o’erhead  
Dark shadows wove on their ærial looms,  
Shot through with golden thread.”

LONGFELLOW.

IT was the second night after Lawrence’s arrival home that his mother invited Mabel to come to tea in the old garden, saying that Ellerton would see her home afterwards. She came, and the three sat down together as of old, in the arbour on a little knoll near the house, under the pine-trees, and with the fallen needles as a carpet. The sweet odour of the pine-trees seemed grateful to Ellerton’s lungs after the close city studios.

“Dear me, mother,” he said, “and Mabel,” —for he put them in the same category unconsciously,—“why cannot men live natural lives among natural things? The city is such a hot-house, and the forcing system, for all its exotics, seems at times a sad failure. I get back here close to nature and you both,—who are sweet,

natural women,— away from the town with its affectations and change of costume for every hour and every occasion, and I feel in my heart that I could be a better man and a better artist if I never left the place again, but stayed, like Millet at Barbizon, living a natural, simple life, the Bible for literature, and doing the great art that comes from such an order of living."

"But, Ellerton," Mabel interrupted, "that would be all very well for you and your art, but how about the world for which you are to do such great things?"

"True, Mabel, and that is what takes a man back into the hurly-burly, and keeps him from committing suicide when he gets the blues there. If we are to live there like ants in an ant-hill, why we must busy ourselves, or seem to be busy,— as they do for the most part,— running about excitedly and wearing ourselves out— often with little purpose, I am afraid."

"My boy Ellerton," the mother said, "you must comfort yourself with the thought that you not only go down to the city to earn your livelihood, but because as a man it is your life and your work to meet there men of all vocations and stations in life, and to learn from each the good he has to bring with him, to avoid the evil, to carry what sweetness you can and the blessings of this dear home with you, into the sin and the suffering, and to leave them



there with others who have never been blessed like you."

"My dear little mother, all that is so like you ; and what you have said and what Mabel says is all true. But, for all that, I love the sounds and sights of the country, and the city is a prison to me. Yet when I am there, I enjoy the life and the art, though I feel it is an acquired taste, not a natural one. Do you know," Lawrence continued, "I believe that, if we only knew how, we might sit still and grow strong without effort, merely by opening ourselves out to the influences that God has thrown about us. But we seek stimulants and intoxicants, anything to produce a new emotion, and then something to kill that emotion when it has been produced. To me the most pitiable man in creation is the thoroughgoing club-man of New York or London. If he have a family, a wife and children, I do not know when he ever sees them, for, drop in at the club any evening, no matter how late, and almost any afternoon, and he is there playing cards or billiards, or amusing himself in the refined way of this nineteenth century by drinking one thing after another until he is hardly able to find his way home. You see him next morning in the streets ; his eyes are heavy, he has taken something to clear his head and fit him for business, and his face gradually grows to

suit his life. He seems the very opposite of all God intended a man to be."

Ellerton ran on in this way, the mother working on some pretty piece of embroidery, and Mabel looking up at him with great wondering eyes, into whose brown depths many a lover had looked for some response to his own feelings, but so far in vain.

For the first day or two after his return into the country and its simple, healthful living, Ellerton, as usual, poured out his heart, and the bitterness and anxieties accumulated there, to his mother, and quite freely to Mabel also, if she happened to be there. Once thoroughly rested, every trace of bitterness disappeared, and the world looked brighter on every side. The life in the saddle, and the walks over the hills with his dogs, had made him whole and sane again. There were four dogs, all told. Some he had picked up in his travels, and one he had brought back with him from New York. His favourite was a French poodle, which had slept on his bed, as he expressed it, for nearly two years when he was working in Paris.

"I am more fond of Nonsense"—for that was the dog's name—"I am more fond of Nonsense than the others, because he was with me during an awful tough period of my life—such a period as no one knows who has

not constructed a large monument and gone through all the trouble from its inception to its completion. Then, too, aside from my work, life pressed very heavily on me in those days. I had only two comforts apart from you, dear mother, and Mabel: they were this poor poodle, who knows everything that all other dogs know and more than many men, and my faithful Felice."

At this moment, the maid came from the house, bearing the tea-tray, with its array of cups, cream, and all the other things which make afternoon tea attractive in the garden. Mabel relieved Mrs. Lawrence of the care, as she relieved her of many more serious duties about the house and neighbourhood. Any looker-on might have seen the mother lift her eyes from time to time from her work, and look first at her son and then at Mabel, and it would not have taken a man versed deeply in thought-reading to see that the girl was almost as dear to her as the son, and that anything that would have brought the girl into closer relationship with the young man would have been welcome to the mother, indeed.

## CHAPTER VIII

### UNDER THE MOONLIGHT

"Only—but this is rare—  
When a beloved hand is laid in ours,  
When, jaded with the rush and glare  
Of the interminable hours,  
Our eyes can in another's eyes read clear,  
When our world-deafen'd ear  
Is by the tones of a loved voice caress'd—  
A bolt is shot back somewhere in our breast,  
And a lost pulse of feeling stirs again."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

AFTER tea, Mabel played something for them on a zither, and then the ladies rested with folded hands, while Ellerton read to them from the poets they loved. Many were the talks and the readings and the music they had had under these pines in the garden, and, as they looked up at the great swaying branches through which the south wind blew so gently and with such soothing music, they did not dream, then, that within a very few years and even months the place should know them under very different circumstances, and that

their hearts would be torn by the strange tragedy of human life, just as in winter the north winds tore like jagged rocks through these great branches, making havoc even with their sturdy strength.

It had grown late, and the mother, or at least Ellerton, who ever guarded his mother from a possible cold or chill, said they must return to the house ; there they passed the rest of the evening listening to Mabel at the piano. She played a beautiful thing from Jansen, and the songs of Grieg—so pathetic and beautiful. The girl had had a thorough technical training, but she played as a natural artist. It was the touch and not the technique which made her music a comfort and an inspiration to those who listened.

"To hear you play," Ellerton said to her, "gives the lie to all this nonsense men are talking to-day about the technique in art and the way a thing is done being more than the thing itself. I wonder how much of this talk you have heard here, Mabel? You see, wherever there are schools, there are sure to be fads. There is one year, when some erratic fellow in the school will paint everything very brown. Then all the men fall into line like a flock of sheep, and they cannot find sufficient brown paint in the shops to carry out their desires. And the next year, some fellow catches at a

half-truth and declares everything in nature to be blue. Then all the other men in the school proceed to paint the things blue, and the paint-shops unload all the blue paint they have had in stock for years. Then the schools, you know, give receipts for colour, and tell you how to make statues, and to do all those things which are possible only to men who are born artists and who would create them in or out of schools, just the same. The fact is, as the professor said in my studio the other day, 'Schools are for men who need schooling. Genius learns for itself in whatever environment it may be placed.' "

"I believe you are right, Ellerton," Mabel said; "and yet are not schools necessary; and instead of belittling them, should we not attempt to perfect them so that the children may be educated and not merely trained, as is the case largely to-day?"

The great hall clock, with its ship sailing through the rough waves of adversity, here struck ten in slow, distinct, sonorous tones, and Mabel arose, saying she would have to go home now.

She bent over Mrs. Lawrence, kissing her sweetly; the woman put one arm around the girl and drew her down, saying softly to her:

"Good-night, my darling, and may God bless you!"

Mabel went out, Ellerton at her side,—out under the long row of trees that led to the high-road. It was a half-mile or more to the rectory, and somehow the conversation turned on Perry.

“Do you know, Ellerton, that he was here a fortnight ago, in town?”

“What! Perry here? What was he doing here?”

“I do not know what brought him here, but he sent a note asking me to meet him at the foot of our garden-path by the river, stating that he wanted to ask my advice about a great change in his life, and for the sake of old times when we had been children together not to be afraid,—that he had always associated me with his dying mother.”

“And did you go, Mabel?”

“Yes, I did,” she replied, “and he came up in a boat from the village a few moments after I had arrived there, stepped out, greeted me respectfully, and entered into a long talk about a proposed change in his life, and his quitting the country and trying to make a fresh start. Do you know, Ellerton, he seemed very much in earnest, and I listened to all he had to say, and did what I could in my own poor way to encourage him. When I spoke of his saintly mother, the tears streamed down his face.”

The subject was a painful one to Lawrence, and he changed it.

"Mabel, I want to tell you here, under these silent, steadfast stars, what a saving grace your pure affection has been to me in all the changes and chances of my life and my study abroad." And here the career of Perry came up before him, mute witness to the truth of his words.

Then he went on to tell her, quite ingenuously, of the life men led in Paris, just as one might speak to a sister. When he had finished she said :

"If I have been of any help or inspiration in your life, Ellerton, it is nothing in comparison with what your mother and you—" she hesitated, finally found words, and went on in a low tone, which began to break a little as she leaned against the rustic fence by the roadside. She seemed so disturbed that Ellerton wondered if she had had any painful scenes with Perry. But, controlling herself, Mabel went on :

"From the first, I have kept nothing from you, Ellerton, and now that I realise that I am a woman, I feel I must tell you—now, to-night—that there is something on my heart I want you to know."

The moonlight fell in great splashes of soft colour down upon the roadway, through the elm boughs, and now a bit of it touched her



clear white forehead, making it look like the purest marble. The thought of the angel's face swept through Ellerton's imagination and he said to himself, "There! there was that look! If I could only fix that,—something that that model never has and never will have." The artist ever present in him was quickly set aside by the seriousness of the moment.

"Well," she went on, "do you know why"—she could not bring herself to confess what she had determined to—"why," she stammered, "I have never—married?"

Ellerton thought he understood.

"Because—because," he interrupted, "you already love someone else?"

"Yes," she said—and dropped her head, adding, "and that one is—can you not guess, Ellerton?"

"I believe I can," he said.

"Then speak his name."

"His name, Mabel," looking straight at her, "is John Atwood."

She started back distressed and trembling.

"No, no! Ellerton, you are utterly mistaken."

And then her head went down to its old place and she looked steadfastly at the moonlight shadows.

"Who under heaven," he thought, "can it

be, if not Atwood? Surely not Perry!" And the thought made him tremble.

"Can you think of no one else who has been dear to my life?"

Lawrence ransacked his brains. Strange how stupid men are in these affairs of the heart, which women seem to understand from instinct!

"Someone, Ellerton, whom I've known, it would seem, always, in some dim life before I began to know this one. I can think of no life where I have not known this one"—she hesitated—"I love."

"Why, Mabel, I can think of no one you have always known, no man here, but your brother Tom, who was shot."

And then it suddenly flashed across his mind—could it possibly be that the girl meant himself? He had never thought of her in this light. His whole life and relation to her, and hers to him, flashed across him as a picture suddenly thrown on a white sheet in a dark room.

He thought of his last coming to the home, and how he had noticed her looking at him with a strange look in her eyes which he did not understand, and how once or twice after she had finished singing some love song, especially the Scotch ballad, *Bonnie Sweet Bessie*, she had turned to him with tears in her eyes.

"Why, Mabel,"—as she was so long silent he began to feel as if he ought to break the pause,—“you do not mean—you cannot mean—that you love——”

She did not reply; her head was still bent downwards, but he could see the glistening tears as they fell through the moonlight. He took her hand, saying :

“Lift your face and look full into mine. Whatever this thing is that disquiets you, let me see if I cannot turn it into a blessing. For your life is so dear to me. I believe I comprehend it all, and I see the past in a new light.”

He was now beginning to be at a loss for words. But Mabel gained control of her voice and said :

“Ellerton, I know your life must be among men of the world and among women of the world, and that your wife must be very different from me—must be a woman of large accomplishment and culture, and fitted to move in all kinds of society and to help you make your way. I know all this, and yet I feel that it was only right to tell you all this, and that I owed it to you, and I felt also that such a love as I have given you and must give you forever, no matter what my relations hereafter be with other men and women—I have felt that it might be a safeguard through the future and a help if life bears upon you with some

unspeakable renunciation or calls upon you for some great self-sacrifice."

Ellerton did not reply for some minutes, and thoughts of other women whom he had met, and who had attracted him in a greater or less degree, ran confusedly through his mind. Finally he broke the silence, saying :

"Let me think this all over alone. Let me go back to my studio in town, and to my clay,—you know it is there that I work things out, either here in nature or there with my clay,—and when I come again, I will tell you what I believe is best for both of us."

Side by side they walked on down to her father's gate in silence. There he turned hastily back, and she made her way slowly up the short worn path to her father's door.

## CHAPTER IX

### THE ANGEL OF CLAY

"To say, 'What matters it at the end?  
I did no more while my heart was warm  
Than does that image, my pale-faced friend.'

"Where is the use of the lip's red charm,  
The heaven of hair, the pride of the brow,  
And the blood that blues the inside arm—

"Unless we turn, as the soul knows how,  
The earthly gift to an end divine?  
A lady of clay is as good, I trow."

BROWNING.

ON the week following the sitting at Atwood's studio, Julia Hartmann knocked at the studio door of Ellerton Lawrence. It was opened by Felice, who exclaimed :

"Che bella signorina !"

She turned to him smiling, saying with the easy familiarity of one accustomed to the studios and their various occupants :

"Take care, for you know I am half Italian, and I understand more than I can speak."

Lawrence was at work in the inner studio

upon a statue of Jefferson, the friend of Washington and founder of Democracy. He heard steps, and turning from his work, saw that it was Miss Hartmann who had entered. He passed a pleasant greeting and she could not help but feel, with the keen intuition that she had from her Italian mother, that she had made a favourable impression on this man, whom half of the town envied and the other half neglected, because he did not care to conciliate them.

Miss Hartmann was glancing about the studio quite ingenuously. It was her home as much as any she had ever had, and she could not help, with the blood of Italy in her veins, feeling that in spite of its disorder there was, in the general plan or scheming, good taste and a sense of one who had known and seen the best in the world, and could reproduce the best as far as his purse permitted, and add to it something which belonged instinctively to his own individuality. Books she knew little about, and passed them over hastily, noting one or two of the bindings which Ellerton had brought from Rome, and one or two of the exquisite covers made by the disciples of Morris, the man who believed that to work at some trade with one's hands was ennobling. As Lawrence turned to cover his statue, he noted that she was dressed in good taste, but with a touch of brilliancy

which he could not help thinking would have shocked his severe mother. But with her eyes and colouring she could carry almost any amount of brilliant plumage without showing a touch of vulgarity. Whatever men might say of Julia, no one had characterised her by this term, except perhaps the jealous mother of some society débutante, who, seeing her at one of the receptions given by the artistic fraternity, surrounded as she was sure to be by a dozen admiring eyes, did not see what any one could admire in that unknown Miss Hartmann, whose face was so eagerly sought after.

With patient care, and with the love of a mother for her own child, Lawrence went over the colossal figure, covering the clay lest the warmth of the studio should cause it to dry so that it would not be pliable in his hands on the morrow. He chatted with Miss Hartmann through this process, asking her if she had ever tried her hand at sculpture.

"Not much," she said, "yet I can do a little at it."

"And are you a musician, too?" Lawrence asked, as he passed over the head and down the right arm of his great figure, which was extended in vehement gesture.

"Well, I play two or three instruments indifferently well," she replied, with a little air of coquetry.

"And do you sing, too," he asked as he went on, "having the land of song in your veins?" And as he spoke the word veins, the picture of the sleeping girl posing in Atwood's studio for the Greek Sappho came between him and the clay with such vividness that he took hold of the scaffold to make sure of himself. He wanted to lead up to the subject of the angel, and this woman posing for the figure. It was a delicate matter to ask one who was not a professional model, to pose, in part, at least, for the nude portions of the figure, which Lawrence felt must be worked out from life.

With the professional model, who comes to your studio and tells you she has posed for such and such statues, and even ventures the remark that her arm is said to be like that of the Venus dei Medici, or that her figure has been used for the colossal statue of Diana by Mr. Blank, and like statements, it is easy enough to deal; but with these people who are as hard to approach as an Italian princess, and who, if they do not fancy you or the surroundings, will no more pose for you than they will go without anything they greatly desire, it is a very difficult matter.

"Miss Hartmann,"—he stammered in spite of himself,—“I have asked you to come to my studio this afternoon”—say what he might, he was determined to be frank with her, as he endeavoured to be with everyone—“because



I was struck with the wonderful beauty of your figure as I saw it, half draped, in the studio of my friend last week. I thought to myself, and the thought has been with me since it took birth, if I could put those lines into my statue, the figure that I may show you now only in a little sketch—I would do something that would give me greater joy than I can tell you, unless you have felt the joy of creation as it triumphs over the labour and agony of execution in some satisfactory result."

He waited for her to reply, but she was looking down at the roses someone had given her and which she was carrying in her hand, and thinking how different was this man from the one whom she had just left at the corner of the street.

"Let me see your sketch, Mr. Lawrence, if I am not troubling you too much."

He brought out a little wax statuette, about twelve inches in height, of an angel, with one arm raised, standing in the doorway of a tomb in the Renaissance style of architecture, the up-lifted arm pointing to the sky; and underneath the figure, roughly cut in clay, were the words, "He hath risen."

"You have already suggested a form and face that are lovelier than my own by far," she said, with seeming honesty, and she really meant what she said. "The face," Mr.

Lawrence, is more beautiful than mine and more holy; a child could see this. My life has not been one to make an angel of the one who lived it, but you know little about that."

She could not help feeling in the presence of the man an effort to appear better than she really was, or at least as well as she was at her very best. Lawrence had this unconscious influence on all.

Felice came in at this moment, as a certain Giovanni, a marble-cutter, had come direct from his fat mother in Florence, and they wished to go out together and talk over old times with a friend they had in common, a barber downtown.

"Go ahead and have a good time, for I will work you hard when we begin to cast this big figure."

"*Grazia*," said Felice, bowing to Miss Hartmann as he left the studio for the day.

Alone with this woman, Ellerton felt that she had cast a certain spell about him. He believed that it was entirely artistic, that the whole nature of the artist within him was awake, and that here was a great opportunity to do a splendid piece of work. She appreciated, as we have said, that she had made an impression on this intellectual and cultured man, and she could not help feeling a certain pride in her ability to do so,

"Mr. Lawrence," she said, "will you read to me from some of your poets? I have heard Mr. Atwood describe it so enthusiastically."

"Certainly," he said, "if you wish it." And he took down a volume of Shelley.

"Do you want one of my favourites or one of Atwood's?"

"One of yours, please, first, and one of his afterwards."

"Well, here is Shelley's *Ode to the Skylark*."

Ellerton was sitting opposite to her as he began, with the book in his hand. Finally he became more enthusiastic as he warmed to the words, and, throwing the book down, rose to his feet as he made the subject his own, and interpreted the poem in a way that was a revelation to anyone who might have been listening. This girl before him, strange creation as she was, half of her life unreal and half piteously realistic, listened intently, and when he finished, the tears were flooding into her eyes and dropping into her lap.

"Mr. Lawrence, it was that verse especially that touched me, which says our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thoughts. I will pose for your angel; I have a feeling that I can take the very position you have in your sketch."

Without waiting for his reply, she threw off her cloak, and asking him if he had a costume,

or the drapery in the studio, she began taking off her gloves, jacket, and hat. This was done, as her life was lived, by sheer impulse. The artistic feeling had taken possession of her, and she was in part under the spell of the time and place as he was in a measure fascinated by her beauty. She went to a part of the studio that was screened off from the rest for a model to unrobe herself, and she came out in a few moments, her long golden hair swinging down her shoulders, her dark eyes flashing with the intensity of her feeling, and her every fibre trembling with the desire to embody the figure of the angel which she had seen in the sketch and had largely taken into her own being. She took the very position, and Ellerton saw at a glance that there were many beauties in the lines he had not dreamed of in the sketch. Even the face, which to his practised eye had lacked the repose or holiness which is necessary to an angel's countenance, was chastened for the moment by the intensity of the girl's feeling.

"Dear God," Lawrence thought, "if I could only fix that for a moment! It is too late, I fear," speaking aloud, "for the camera, and yet, Miss Hartmann, will you let me try a photograph of you in that position?—for you will never be able to strike it again as you have it at this moment."

"Yes," she replied, "quick, and you promise that it shall never go out of your hands?"

"I promise," he said, hastening for his camera. He took out his watch to give sufficient time for the light. She held her pose like a marble statue during the process.

"It is done," he cried at last, "yet I wish you could stand on there until I fix every line in my mind."

"I will stand as long as you wish," Julia responded, and wondered, when she had said it, at her own weakness. There was a simplicity, a frankness, and a purity about this man that had an effect upon her very different from the men she met in society and in the painters' studios.

Ellerton told her once, when she had asked him in the course of their conversation, that her face lacked the spirituality of the angel's, in spite of her wondrous beauty.

"But that is not your fault," he added.

And she thought :

"No, if you knew my life, you would indeed say that it is not my fault ; and yet I would to God I could change it all, and I believe that if I lived long near you I might grow nearer to the angel's face you have in the sketch."

Then the feeling came across her of the difference in their two states of society, and for the first time in her life a realisation broke

in upon her that there was something in this world not to be bought with beauty or money, something infinitely more precious, which she lacked.

She turned over a photograph album that was lying on the table, and stopped at one of the pictures.

"There, that is your angel's face," she said; "there are the very eyes, not quite the beauty of form, but the whole expression."

"You have guessed right," he said; "that is the face of one of earth's best angels. She has been like a sister to me, and her name is Mabel Frothingham. You may meet her one of these days."

Julia said nothing, but found her way slowly to the open piano, and sat down and played some airs that seemed to accord with her thoughts. At this moment they were sad and pathetic. It was a dangerous time for her and a dangerous time for him.

"Sing something," he said; and she sang a little Neapolitan street song, which she had heard many years ago in Italy.

"I was taught this by my mother in Italy."

When she had finished she turned from the piano and faced him, saying:

"Mr. Lawrence, I must go now, for it is late." The studio was beginning to grow dim in the twilight.

"Yet this is the dearest hour in the studio," he said, unwilling to have her go, and yet understanding that, as she was not to pose for him to-day, she had lingered already too long for a caller.

"Miss Hartmann, you are doing me a favour for which I cannot repay you, and yet I feel"—he hesitated—"as if I could not ask you to come here without repaying you in some way. I know nothing about your life; will you be so good as to tell me a little sometimes, and if I can help you at all in my rough way, I will gladly do so."

"Agreed," she said; "but not to-night, for I must hurry back to my room, and I can think of nothing but that angel face to-night."

And slipping on her wraps she went to the door, refusing with a decision he dared not gainsay to have him accompany her, and saying "*Addio*," as she held out her hand in passing.

The studio door closed behind her, and Lawrence was left alone with his thoughts and his creations. It was the hour when he loved best to be alone in the studio. All the hard lines were softened, the statues seemed to live in the indistinct shadows; the workmen were gone, there was nothing to disturb his fancy and the quiet. Would it be worth the giving of a man's life to the making of a true angel out of that

angel of clay? And would it be possible? Poor fellow! with all his travelling about the world, his heart was still that of an ingenuous schoolboy.

Up and down Lawrence walked, past the supper hour, late into the evening, until the studio grew so dark that he could see each star shining down through his north-light window, his imagination filled with thoughts too sacred, too much his own, to be written.



## CHAPTER X

### ATWOOD AND MABEL

"The World is too much with us ; late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers ;  
Little we see in nature that is ours ;  
We have given our hearts away, we are out of tune."  
WORDSWORTH.

ON one of his visits to his mother's home, Lawrence had taken with him his friend Atwood, and the day after their arrival Mrs. Lawrence had invited the rector and Mabel to dinner.

It was that season of late May when the foliage is in its first bloom, and nature stood as a young girl on the threshold of womanhood, in the old garden with the overhanging elms, and underfoot were lilies of the valley and a few late violets to sweeten the air and to remind one, in the blaze of the flaunting lilacs, which take the senses by storm, that modesty is a lovely virtue.

Atwood strolled into the garden with Miss Frothingham. They passed through the conservatory with its wide-open windows, and the

flowers and orchids on the plants standing about, reaching out as if they wished to join their hardier kin in the softness of the May. They went out through the open doors, passed the great lilac bushes and into the narrow paths bounded on both sides with the fragrant box ; then down towards the meadows in the rear of the garden where the fireflies were tempting one to pursue them into the lowland. Everything was peaceful.

Lawrence was sitting on the lawn, chatting with his dear friend, the rector. He little dreamed that soon even this restful place would be filled with strange unquiet. Atwood and his companion strolled along, admiring the beauty of the old place, which Atwood wished to think ran back indefinitely until it was lost in the darkness, and their conversation turned naturally to their mutual friend.

"Mr. Atwood," Mabel said, "I fear Ellerton is working too hard. I wish you would guard him more carefully when he goes back to the noisy city, with its swift and hard life. Do you know, I dread these great cities. They are like factories where men and women wear out their lives out in the hum of bewildering machinery. Every day of my life, I thank the good God that he has permitted me to live in this sweet old town."

"And I believe," Atwood here interposed,

“ that the sweet old town and its kindly folk must daily thank the wise Creator that he has placed here such an angel of blessedness as yourself.”

The compliment, sincere and honestly given, Mabel heard, but her thoughts were fixed intently on Ellerton to-night. She knew she was disturbed about him at times, and she was forced to confess against her reason that her heart was going out more and more to his home-coming, and the old place she loved for a thousand associations seemed to have something incomplete when he left it for the city, or if he did not come to the rectory for a week or more.

When the mood was on him, he worked with scarcely any rest ; in fact, he scarcely ate or slept. This she had heard from his mother, and this, too, gave her cause for worriment. She remembered, when he was away in Europe on his first vacation after he graduated from the high school, and the physician advised travel to an overworked brain—she remembered how his father had been brought home from the city, where he had fallen at his desk, and had lived only to hold his wife close to him, and to speak of his boy Ellerton, and his desire to see him once more. She was in the house at the time, and she remembered his calling her, and that Ellerton's name was the last of his

lips. She had heard from the mother of the tense, overstrung nature of the Lawrences, that would rise to supreme heights, then drop as a bird with a broken wing the minute the nervous tension was relaxed. It was strange how these things passed through her mind to-night : perhaps it was Ellerton's pale look that suggested them ; perhaps it was a premonition of some unforeseen ill, which a woman's heart apprehends and anticipates, when the keenest masculine intellect will not be moved.

" Yes, I fear that Lawrence is working a bit too hard, Miss Frothingham, but I can do nothing with the fellow when he gets these moods upon him. He goes to work at daylight, and will scarcely stop for a cup of coffee. It is only Felice who dares to interrupt him, and he knows him so well, knows his weaknesses and his strength, that he will say to him things that his best friend would not venture. But there is one thing with which you may comfort yourself, for you, he has told me, are like a sister to him. He remembers faintly his sister, and he has often said to me that, had she lived, she would be as you are to-day. I cannot tell you all the sweet things he has repeated to me in your praise."

Mabel dropped her head a little lower as Atwood spoke of Lawrence's appreciation of her, and anyone who could have looked up into her

large brown eyes would have seen there a look of gentle sadness, of some heart's desire as yet unsatisfied. She replied, however, perhaps to cover a slight embarrassment, if there was enough of the society woman about her to attempt at all to cover anything :

" Mr. Atwood, you must not believe all the good things Ellerton says of me. I am no better, or worse, I pray God, than womankind about me. I have many faults, but my friends do not find them out — that is all."

Atwood went on with his recollection of Lawrence's descriptions of the girl, not heeding her gentle rebuke.

" He says, Miss Frothingham, that you are the embodiment of Lowell's Irene, and if that is so, and I am sure I dare not gainsay it, you have reason to be supremely happy, for your life, which has scarcely passed a score of years, has been of great service. You remember the poem, do you not ? "

She made no reply, and he began to recite the lines in a low, clear voice, without any attempt at elocution :

" Hers is a spirit deep and crystal clear ;  
Calmly beneath her earnest face it lies,  
Free without boldness, meek without fear,  
Quicker to look than speak its sympathies ;  
Far down into her large and patient eyes,  
I gaze, deep drinking of the infinite,

As, in the mid-watch of a clear, still night,  
I look into the fathomless blue skies.

“ Like a lone star through riven storm-clouds seen  
By sailors, tempest-tost upon the sea,  
Telling of rest and peaceful havens nigh,  
Unto my soul her star-like soul hath been,  
Her sight as full of hope and calm to me ;—  
For she unto herself hath builded high  
A home serene, wherein to lay her head,  
Earth's noblest thing, a Woman perfected.”

When he had finished she looked up, and through the moonlight, which was falling in large flakes and masses about them through the swaying elm boughs, he could see that there were tears in her eyes.

“ Would that my life were worthy,” she said, earnestly, “ to embody those noble lines ” ; “ and would to God,” she repeated in her heart, “ I could be all that those lines mean to Ellerton.”


The moon rose higher and higher, and still they strolled about the garden, talking mostly about their friend now, and again about art, and now of a theme dear to both of them—music. He loved his violin, and he played as naturally as if he had grown up with the violin and had not devoted so much time to painting. And yet with his brush he had already won more success than the average man.

"You will play something for us to-night, will you not, Mr. Atwood?" Mabel said.

"Yes, I will play after you have sung the Scotch ballads which I hear Ellerton humming to himself as he works at his clay. Oh, he tells me he has heard great singers, but he would not give one of your old ballads, sung in the library of his mother's house, where he can sit and look out across the meadows to the distant hills,—he would not give one of those old ballads in those surroundings for all the sweetest songs of the greatest opera singers in La Scala."

Her heart beat quicker as she heard Ellerton's praise; covering her emotion, however, she said:

"You will be much disappointed when you hear me, and I really must find fault with Ellerton if he insists on flattering me so to his friends."



## CHAPTER XI

### THE POWER OF SONG

"Adieu! Adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades  
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,  
Up the hillside; and now 't is buried deep  
In the next valley glades:  
Was it a vision or a waking dream?  
Fled is the music,—do I wake or sleep?"

KEATS.

SO they went on chatting about their favourites and the great composers and song-writers; and while they were talking in the garden, Ellerton sat indoors close to his mother, the rector, whose head had dropped low in the chair while he smoked his cigar, being fast asleep.

"Ellerton, my son," the mother said in her stately way, "you are now twenty-eight, the age when your father asked me to be his wife."

"Yes, mother, and you mean me to infer that it is time that I asked some sweet maiden of eighteen or twenty summers to be my wife and to come home here and reign as queen in your stead? No, no, mother; art is a



jealous goddess, and a man cannot serve two masters."

"Ah, yes, my boy, but art does not fill the heart, and a noble woman can help you to serve one master."

"Mother, I know you have someone in your fancy, whom you have chosen to follow you as mistress of this old place. You came here while father's mother was still alive, and she had come while father's grandmother was mistress of the place, and so on back till that stern old Puritan Lawrence first cut the great pine-trees off this lawn and helped to build the log hut that was to house the dainty wife who had been used to so much luxury in old England. Poor little mistress! There's that portrait of her in the library—no wonder she scarcely out-lived the first winter amid such hardships. They were heroes, indeed, those men, and our lives seem trivial at times in comparison with theirs. Mother, tell me, if you will, the woman you would choose to live with you—I will not say follow you—in this house."

And the mother went on to describe the character which anyone but Ellerton would have very soon seen to tally with the minister's daughter, who was still walking about under the great trees with Atwood. Nearer and nearer the mother came to the portrait, but yet Ellerton did not recognise the prototype. He

could think only of a voice he had heard once in the Latin Quarter of Paris. A number of American students were assembled together at some restaurant on an American national holiday, which they were celebrating in the Parisian capital. Suddenly there was a pause, and the noisy clamour of voices was stopped, and the notes of a low contralto voice fell upon his ears. He had heard nothing like it but once, and that was a bird singing in the early morning in the garden of an old palace in Siena, where he had passed the summer. He knew Keats's description of the nightingale. But the music that that bird made as the day crept softly over the ruined walls, and stole along the silver olive-trees—that music was comparable to nothing except that voice, sweet beyond any earthly sound, holy with the holiness of pure beauty not to be expressed in words. There were qualities in it as of a cascade running through the woodlands. There was a softer and a mellower quality, as of a fountain playing on worn marble basins and falling away into soft, green, mossy places. It was as a west wind whispering through the pine branches. It was the whole melody of nature gathered up into one tiny feathered thing, and given out as if the one impulse of life were to sing and sing until the heart went out in that blessed giving. And now he heard those songs again, and one

thing added to it—the pathos of the human heart, which must always add something to the sweetest bird and the sweetest instrument that the hand of man can frame. He seemed to be in a flood of song, with melodies pouring all about him, as if it might drown him with the sweetness ; and he made no resistance, and for the first time he fully understood what Keats had in his heart when he wrote those lines. He remembered, when the song was done, someone asked if he cared to meet the singer, and he went forward to find a frail, dark girl, with eyes deeply set that seemed to look out of an experience that had been sad rather than joyful.

As he looked in her eyes a feeling passed over him, and a voice whispered within, “ Your life is to gather from this singing the rich inspiration that makes great art and great manhood possible.” He was to learn in after days that inspiration and achievement were to come not from acquirement so much as from renunciation.

. . . . .

This scene passed through his mind as his mother painted her word-picture, which to her was a portrait of Mabel Frothingham, but which to him was the picture of that sweet singer.

The mother, seeing the eyes looking away

into space as they were wont to do in his day-dreaming, a little piqued, said :

" Ellerton, do you not recognise my word-picture ? Have you never seen one who answered this description ? "

" Yes, mother, I have heard and seen one, but I am wondering where you have heard and seen her. "

" Ellerton, do you remember a poem of our own Longfellow, which says :

'That is great which lieth near us.

Choose from this thy work of art, that is best. ' "

" Yes, mother, and to-night there is nothing that lies so close to my heart as a song I heard one night when I was a student in the Latin Quarter in Paris, which uplifted my life for ever after, and which kept me from degrading myself by entering into all the dissipations which the American student considers a part of his art education in Paris. It was a Sunday night, six years ago this very night. The week had been one of sore discouragement to me. I was working on my statue of the poet, and you know of the discouragements and accidents which happen to one working on a colossal statue of this kind, for you have worked them out with me, dear mother. Half of the great statue had fallen down in the night, and when I went to the studio on Sunday morning, to

wet my clay, I found several tons of wet clay on the floor, and but half of my statue suspended in the air. You can realise, mother, what it meant to me. It must be like a mother looking upon her first-born, dead before her. The labour of conception, the painful and slow growth, the tardy execution, the accommodating of one's self to assistants who do not understand, or make light of, your highest endeavour ; in fact, all that the birth, growth, and development of a child mean to its mother, —all this the statue means to the sculptor who creates it. So I had gone with a heavy heart to the American Association, hearing that there was to be some meeting of the students, and possibly some singing of the old songs dear to us at home. At that gathering I heard the voice that I seem to hear as I am speaking to you now—seem almost to see, sight and hearing run at times so closely together. Perhaps it is the dreamy beauty of the lawn, where the moonlight falling through these elms, brings all my senses into harmony. Did you ever have that feeling, mother, that you can reach out and grasp a voice — or are sculptors only, haunted by these curious confusions of the senses? Not one note had been sung before my heart's pain seemed to fall away slowly from me, and to merge its grief in the accepted sorrow of all humanity, the sorrow of mankind.

which I felt it was a privilege to share. I have since learnt the song. It was written by the author of *Unde Tom's Cabin*, and it is worthy of her. You remember the words :

‘ Still, still with thee, when purple morning breaketh,  
When the bird waketh and the shadows flee ;  
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,  
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with thee.

‘ Alone with thee, amid the mystic shadows,  
The solemn gush of nature newly born ;  
Alone with thee in breathless adoration,  
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

‘ As in the dawning, o’er the waveless ocean,  
The image of the morning star doth rest,  
So in this stillness, thou beholdest only,  
Thine image in the waters of my breast.

‘ When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,  
Its closing eye looks up to thee in prayer ;  
Sweet the repose beneath thy wings o’ershading,  
But sweeter still to wake and find thee there.’ ”

“ My son,” the mother said, when it was finished, “ that is a favourite hymn of mine, and was a favourite of your father’s. The thoughts that were running through my mind were of the sweet singer who lives much nearer home than this nightingale you heard in Europe.”

The mother was about to tell her heart’s

secret to her son, when the very subject of her thoughts, turning suddenly around the lilac bushes, appeared before them with Atwood, whose face seemed, in the slanting moonlight, radiant with love.

Strange drama of human existence !

## CHAPTER XII

### DANGEROUS SAILING

“ . . . Here in her hairs  
The painter plays the spider ; and hath woven  
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,  
Faster than guats in cobwebs ; but her eyes,—  
How could he see to do them ? Having made one,  
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,  
And leave itself unfurnished.”

SHAKESPEARE'S *Sonnets*.

JULIA HARTMANN was as good as her promise, and the second day after she quitted Ellerton's studio she came back ready to pose for his angel.

It would seem curious, to the uninitiated, to think of an artist making an angel from a woman of the world, or, one might almost say, a woman of a lower stratum of society than this implies. But the artist chooses the parts of the figure necessary to his perfect statue wherever he can find them, and often the milk-maid or fishwife has the physical make-up of a Juno, and all that is needed is a head—intelligence and spirituality—put upon her splendid



neck and frame to make the entire goddess. But if the artist has not clearly defined in his imagination the figure he wishes to bring out of the dull clay, he had better let art alone. As Lanier says: "Let any sculptor hew us out the most ravishing combination of tender curves and spheric softness that ever stood for woman; yet, if the lips have a certain fulness that hints of the flesh, if the brow be insincere, if in the minutest particular the physical beauty suggests a moral ugliness, that sculptor, unless he be portraying a moral ugliness for a moral purpose, may as well give over his marble for paving-stones. Time, whose judgments are inexorably moral, will not accept his work." It is absurd to believe that out of a disordered imagination a man can bring a thing of perfect beauty.

But to return to Ellerton's studio. Lawrence himself opened the door for Julia, Felice having gone out on an errand to a neighbouring city. Miss Hartmann spoke but little on this afternoon; she took the costume, draped herself behind the screen, came out, took the pose, and held it like a block of marble, while Lawrence worked with all the intensity of one who has a distinct idea and is trying to bring it from some stubborn material and give it to the world in terms of beauty and form.

She scarcely spoke, but seemed abstracted;

and he learned afterwards that she had these fits of sad abstraction, in which she looked as if she might do anything desperate. The afternoon wore on, and she had posed for an hour and a half with scarcely any rest, when it suddenly came to Lawrence that she must rest, and he said :

“ What a brute I am ! That is all the posing you must do to-day.”

She stopped, stepped down off the stand where she had taken her attitude, and dropped into a soft-cushioned chair, closing her eyes, saying :

“ I did not know I was so tired.”

“ You seem depressed, Miss Hartmann,” he said.

“ You do not know me yet, Mr. Lawrence,” she replied, “ or my moods. Mother used to say that father had these strange fits of depression, and when they come over me I feel I could do almost anything. Anything to stop that nameless ache, which, if I could but name it, might be relieved.”

“ You do not need to name it to me, Miss Hartmann, for I am a creature of the same birthright as your father.”

Her sadness led him naturally to say some words of comfort and consolation, and he took from his table a bunch of violets and handed them to her, saying :

"Perhaps these little flowers may be of some solace to you. They are the flowers that an angel would wear if she chose any of this earth."

"Thank you," she replied, very meekly and dropped her eyes.

Soon the weariness began to wear off, and she began to talk more freely, and in another half-hour she had told him much of her history,—of what she loved, and what she hated but she seemed from the first to have no hope for the future, and no faith except a dim belief that the burning of a candle on a fête-day helped to clear the moral atmosphere.

"Do you believe in anything, Mr. Lawrence?" she asked.

"Do I believe in anything!" he repeated. "If I did not believe in the existence of divine justice, working out the good of the world in the right way, I would not live an hour in it, in spite of all the art and the ~~sovereign~~ associations one meets with here. I mean by that, Miss Hartmann, that without faith I could not live. I can remember but one period of my life when the divine relationship was broken up and clouded, and that, to me, was a period of blank despair."

There was something about this clear faith that seemed to inspire her, for of the many men she had known, whatever faith they had,

few spoke of it to her. They spoke of her beauty, and her charms, and invited her to go to the theatre with them, and to have all sorts of good times, but when she awoke the next morning after the gaiety, it was with a sense of unsatisfied longing for a something—she knew not what.

She began to tie to something in Ellerton,—this sense of faith which seemed so clear ; and he extended what strength he had with the utmost freedom and with the naiveté of his almost childlike nature. It never occurred to him that any woman whom he might help was likely to care for him so much that the agony he could not relieve might be greater than the darkness he was able to clear up with his strong faith.

. . . . .

Julia came again in the same week, and again in the following week, and then she would drop in every two or three days. If she was too late or too weary to pose, she would sit through the twilight, while he smoked a cigarette and talked to her of what he had done. She would sit at the piano and sing whatever songs her mood suggested ; strangely enough, they were mostly sad. He looked forward to her coming, and whenever he needed her she was always ready to pose for the arm or shoulder, or for her

bust, and to change her hair to suit any portrait or ideal head he might be working over. She did not worry him with questions about his life, as women often did in his own set; she did not annoy him with questions about his art. And he rested in her great beauty, as one rests on a soft June day, or a midsummer's night, which does not tax the intelligence, and seems, as Shelley has said of music, "to stifle the serpent that care has bound about the heart to stifle it." He took the same pleasure in her that he did in one of the old headless Greek statues. There was a torso he remembered, in the Naples Museum, of a Venus without a head, which gave him a sense of great pleasure. The forms were so lovely and perfectly rendered.

Lawrence believed he liked Julia best when she said nothing, for there were tones in her voice which he found jarred upon something in his nature.

. . . . .  
"Miss Hartmann——"

"I asked you to call me Julia, and not Miss Hartmann. I generally have my own way—the artists will tell you so."

"Well, Julia, if you will have it," he said to her one day, "I want you to give me your whole day to-morrow, for I must leave town

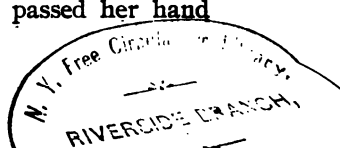
the day after to-morrow. My mother is not well, and I do not dare leave that angel in the clay. I mean to finish it to-morrow, and to let Felice cast it in plaster while I am away with my mother."

Julia added, naïvely :

"And with your adopted sister, Mabel," with an emphasis on *sister*.

He paid no attention to the last remark, but went on to tell her to go to bed early and get thoroughly rested, for it would be a hard day's work. She went away, promising to come early in the morning and do as he wished. He was absorbed in thinking of the figure, and merely saw her to the door, leaving it open as she went down the stairs. He threw himself on a rough sofa, covered with skins, his head upon a box, tired out, his cheeks burning brightly, and his nervous nature wrought up to an unnatural tension over this figure which he wished so earnestly to complete.

Julia had forgotten her bonnet-pin. She came in noiselessly, and as he was tapping the woodwork of the board sofa with his hand, he did not hear her footfall. She stood and looked at him, and her eyes grew soft, and there was a movement under her bodice as if the breathing was coming quickly as with some pent-up emotion. Suddenly she came forward, and, bending over back of him, passed her hand



softly over his forehead. Yet Lawrence was not at all startled.

"My child," he said, "I thought you had gone"—for, in comparison with the figure of the angel, she seemed but a child to him to-night.

"I came back for my bonnet-pin, but you looked so tired, I could not resist the impulse to pass my hand over your brow. My hand was cold, and it might refresh you, I thought."

He put his hand out and took hers, saying :

"Sit down, my child, for I want to tell you how fond I am of you. You have come and gone in and out of this studio many days as we worked over this figure. You have posed with such steady patience. God has given you a great gift, Julia, in that wonderful physique. There is something in you of the *Sibyls* of Michelangelo. Your shoulders are magnificent, and your head is poised like the *Winged Victory*. Men speak of genius, and they do not mention beauty, which is God's greatest gift. I have often wished I might be something to your life or do something in some way"—he hesitated ; he did not wish her to think that there was the least condescension in his manner or tone—"to cheer it."

It was dark in the studio. She was bending towards him, and what more natural, as he said this, than that his arm should drop around her

neck and he should draw her gently to him. She looked up with all her feeling surging through her body. He met it with a quiet look, as much as to say, You are my child to-night. And he kissed her on her brow, and bade her go.

She rose slowly, without being offended in the least, and said :

“ Good-night, Mr. Lawrence.”

She had never called him by the familiar names that she had used with other artists, even with Atwood.

“ Good-night, my child,” he responded ; “ and mind you sleep well, for to-morrow we must work.”

He went back to his board sofa and the skins, and wrapping himself about with one of them fell asleep in his workshop.



## CHAPTER XIII

### A LIFE FOR A SOUL

"Turn, turn, my wheel! What is begun  
At daybreak must at dark be done.

To-morrow will be another day;  
To-morrow the hot furnace flame  
Will search the heart and try the frame,  
And stamp with honour or with shame  
These vessels made of clay."

LONGFELLOW.

LAWRENCE slept on and on, utterly exhausted as he was, and when he awoke the first streak of daylight was streaming in through his north window. All night he had dreamt of the clay angel. Once he had started up in his sleep, crying out that it was falling.

"For God's sake, Mabel, Atwood, mother, help me! Julia, can't you see it is falling? Help me hold it up! Why, I have passed months over this statue!" And then there was a change, and a sense of quiet fell over his dream, and the great extended wings of the angel seemed to come forward and to cover him; and in his dream he thanked God

that he had created it, and there was a compensation for all the agony it had cost him. And then he slept quietly.

But now the dawn was coming in. He rose hastily, undressed himself, jumped into a cold bath, had a good rub-down, re-dressed, threw the cloth off his figure, and turned it around, true artist that he was, looking at it from every side. Then he grasped a tool and began to work at something that did not seem right to him.

So he worked on for three hours, when there was a tap at the studio door, and a child entered with a line from Felice's wife, saying that Felice had been ill all night—had eaten something at a dinner the night before, and was not able to get up. Would Mr. Lawrence excuse him for this day?

"I suppose he has been drinking that miserable poisoned wine they make in Mulberry Street and call Chianti," he ejaculated. Then he scratched hastily on a card in Italian, "Take care of yourself and rest for the day. To-morrow I want you to cast the angel."

He bade the child hurry away with that, giving her a bit of blue ribbon that was lying on the table, which she was looking at with eager eyes. It was not long after this that there was a knock at the door, and Julia entered.

"You have not slept well," he said with a little irritation, as he saw dark traces under her eyes.

"No, Mr. Lawrence, I could scarcely sleep last night, and when I slept it was worse than no sleep, for I had a horrible dream. Do you know, I dreamt that your angel came to life and walked across my room and stood over me, and said: 'What right have you, with your life, to dream of posing for such a statue,'—let me go on," she said hesitatingly,—"and who ever would think that a man like Mr. Lawrence would care for you at all?"

But Lawrence, absorbed in his work, seemed not to hear her. She repeated what she had said.

"Oh, never mind your bad dreams," he interposed; "you do know I care for you very greatly, and I told you so last night. Now you see my angel of clay has not come to real life, and I thank God she has not. I never could bear these figures that walk off their pedestals. There is a real life and an ideal life in art, and I hate to see them mixed up. The French have degraded their art by confusing these existences."

"But, Mr. Lawrence," Julia said, "you must not blame me for not sleeping. You look as if you had not slept for a week."

"Well, you see, my child,"—the concern in

her voice touched him, — “ I have not had a thing to eat this morning, and I am going to ask you to make me a cup of coffee.”

She had already laid aside her hat and gloves and muffler, and was soon busy with the coffee.

“ You live quite like a prince,” she said brightly, “ and have real spoons and cups and saucers. In many of the studios I get but a tin cup, and a modelling-tool to stir the sugar with.”

“ Yes,” he said laughingly, glancing about his workshop, “ I live indeed like a prince.”

After he had had his coffee he began work at once. Julia changed her costume as usual, with the naturalness of one who had been accustomed to this sort of thing all her life, and Ellerton thought no more of it than if his friend Atwood had come to pose for him in the same way as this woman. To the artist beauty is actually sexless. It is only the world with its petty comments that leads the artist to consider that women are clothed or nude, and introduces a question of propriety or impropriety, which would not occur to them or affect them harmfully if they were left alone to work out their ideals without this petty criticism.

All the morning Julia posed, and Lawrence worked like a Trojan. They stopped for a short lunch, Julia resting while he went out

and bought a little fruit and a small bottle of claret ; and when he returned with it, and with the fresh air in his lungs, she arranged it upon the table, and they enjoyed it together. The babes in the wood were no more thoughtless of harm than they. The afternoon wore on, the lines deepened under the model's eyes, but Ellerton, absorbed in his work, saw only the arms or the neck of the body he was working on, and forgot that it was Julia who was posing, for the moment. Then he awoke to the fact, and insisted that she should pause for a time ; but she always returned to the pose before he bade her do so. It was not the weariness of standing, alone, but a strange pressure about the heart, which made Julia uncertain of herself.

Ellerton was working on some part behind the statue, when of a sudden he felt the stand trembling, and then came a dull thud. He turned, expecting to see part of his clay angel fallen to the ground, and was horrified to find that Julia had fallen from the stand, struck her head against something, and was lying upon the floor in an unconscious condition. Mr Lawrence sprang to her side, tore the draperies from her throat and breast, speaking soothingly to her all the time.

"My child, my poor child !" he said.  
"What a brute I was to keep you standing

there so long ! Why, it is almost dark, and you have been posing since nine o'clock."

He felt her pulse ; it was very feeble, a mere flutter. Then he jumped up and drew a little cold water from the faucet, bathing her forehead, and forced a little brandy between her lips.

She lay there without a movement, every trace of colour gone from her cheeks, her eyes closed, her hair half fallen back, her white neck exposed ; and he could not help thinking, in spite of his anxiety, of her wonderful beauty and how he would make some day a sleeping figure to look like that. Curious how the artist in a man — the subconscious self—is always on the alert to seize what impressions are presented, and to store them away for future use.

Julia's fingers began to twitch at last, and her limbs to tremble. She drew her hand up to her head, as if to clear some cloud away from her brain. Ellerton picked her up in his arms and carried her to his rough sofa, placing her tenderly upon it, and pushing a pillow under her long tresses. Then he sat beside her, chafing her hands, and doing what he could to bring her back to consciousness. She was beginning to recover herself, but still she seemed to be uncertain what she was, if she was actually the angel posing there—and

she complained of being cold as the clay, and muttered:

"Do not put me into marble ; I am not the angel, I am only Julia, the model."

Ellerton threw one of the skins over her and gathered the drapery about her neck ; then the great eyes opened and looked into his.

"Oh, I am so sorry," she said, "Mr. Lawrence, to have given you all this trouble. I know now—I fainted ; the room began to turn around, and I felt the angel was falling on me, and about to kill me. I tried to speak and I could not, and I threw up my arms, and that is all I remember."

"Poor child !" Lawrence said, "it was my fault. This cursed art makes us forget our duty to our human kind sometimes. I was so intent upon the figure that I forgot you were a living, breathing woman—and what is all that clay compared with one human being ? Forgive me, my child, forgive me !"

He now lifted her head higher, for she was still weak, and busied himself with making her a cup of tea, which he thought would do her good. He did not know that her eyes were following him everywhere. She took the tea eagerly when he brought it, and it relieved her at once.

Ellerton felt that he must atone in some measure for his thoughtlessness, and he slipped

one arm easily over the top of the sofa, brushing her long hair away from her forehead. Then he leaned forward and kissed it, saying half aloud :

“ Poor child ! what a brute I have been.”

Her eyes closed as he said this, and he did not see a wave that passed over her body akin to the tidal waves of the great throbbing ocean. It was now almost dark in the studio, the most fascinating time of day to be there, and the most dangerous. Her face was partially lost in the glory of her golden hair, a legacy from her German ancestor.

“ Julia,” Ellerton said, “ I am sorry that I am going away to-morrow, to leave you, tired out, and I want you to tell me how I can ”— he hesitated — “ make up to you for all your work on this angel.”

Something in her had been working more and more to the surface ; she had never been used to controlling her feelings. From the time she had begun to pose until now, she had never had to ask twice for anything that she had wished.

“ I ’ll tell you what my reward shall be,” she said ; “ mind you, it is high, but there is one satisfaction—when it is given, that is all I shall ask.”

He had no idea what it could be, but he was ready to give all he had in the studio.



"Bend down, for I wish to whisper it in your ear," she said.

He bent over her, and she put her arms over his head and drew him to herself, saying :

"Give me one loving kiss, just as you might give it to the angel, were I actually she, and like the face in the photograph there."

On the impulse of the moment he kissed her. She held him close to her heart, and he answered her caress. Then he regained his self-composure, and tenderly unwound her arms. But she clung to him, and would not let him leave her. He could scarcely see her face. The stars had come out. He could see them high overhead, shining down upon him through his studio light.

"And, my child," he said, trying to turn the subject in a safer direction, "what shall you do when I go away to-morrow?"

"What shall I do?" she repeated. "God only knows, for I have no thought beyond the day and—you."

He was startled into the seriousness of the situation, and for the first time it flashed across him that the woman had gotten to love him with the love that will not be set aside. He knew these natures with southern blood in their veins, and he knew that love to them meant life or death.

Again she drew him down to herself and kissed him, saying :

"You will not leave me. I cannot live away from you, and if you go, you will never see me alive again."

"My God!" he thought; "what have I done?"

And his whole past association with the girl flashed across him — how she had taken his many courtesies as tokens of affection.

"What do you mean, Julia?"

"I mean that it must be one of two things: either let me live near you,—I do not ask to be your wife, but only to live near you, where I can see and caress you, work for you,—or else," she faltered — "you know my nature, and the temptations which surround me. It is you who have kept me at my best since I first saw you, but if you leave me, it will be"—and she drew him down and whispered again in his ear.

"No!" he exclaimed, "no, Julia, for God's sake — anything but that."

She sobbed aloud. After a pause in which the strong nature of the man was confronted with the awful seriousness of the problem he was suddenly called upon to solve—a problem which involved the life and future of a human soul, and which was to make this woman his wife or send her to the streets. No less than this. His whole life passed before him. He saw his mother and her dearest hopes dashed to the ground; that voice he had heard in the

Latin Quarter, which had been such a revelation of purity to him, and which he had pictured to his mother in the garden, that moonlight night, when Mabel had come on them with Atwood. The thought of the rector and what he would think, not knowing his motive for the marriage, the almost fatal sacrifice he was now resolving to make. Was it worth it? Was he called upon to make it? Just then his eyes turned to the angel — then to the girl. The thought of this woman going from him to the street was the turning point. He had decided.

Then he spoke in a broken voice, but firmly :

“ Why, my child, if you wish it, you shall live with me, now and always ; but you know it can only be as my wife.”

She was crying hysterically, and it was hard to tell if with joy or with grief. Loud peals of a bell startled them finally, and Lawrence said :

“ You must go now, and I will see you to your home.”

It was past midnight when Ellerton returned from the West Side, where he had gone with the model who was to be his wife. He felt in a curiously confused state. He did not understand himself, nor did he care to analyse the hour and the mood too carefully.

When he arrived at the studio he lighted a lamp and wrote to his mother, telling her of his engagement to Miss Hartmann. It was the most difficult letter he had ever written. Then, until early in the morning, he tossed about on his bed trying to make dream and reality tally with one another. Finally he slept, to dream that Julia had been suddenly changed by some divine alchemy into the angel he was attempting to model. A knock awoke him from his late sleeping, and a telegraph boy brought him word that his mother had gone to the mountains for a change. He breathed a sigh of relief.

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## CHAPTER XIV

### THE WORLD'S IDEA.

"Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,  
Come hither, the dances are done,  
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,  
Queen lily and rose in one."

TENNYSON.

IT was the day after Ellerton's promise of marriage that Mrs. Schuyler dropped in at his studio to invite him to dinner for that night.

"It is now four o'clock, Ellerton," she said; "I have a few errands to do in the neighbourhood, and I will call here for you with the brougham at five-thirty. Not later, mind you, so put on your wedding garments and be ready to accompany me." And she added, with a certain coquetry, "Let no pretty model detain you. No matter if they be as stately and as beautiful as your angel yonder."

And she looked admiringly at the figure in the centre of the studio.

"There is a pretty Miss Ransom, and I have

set my heart on making a match for you, Ellerton ; and when I set my heart on a thing, you know, I am very apt to get it."

" Dear old friend, I am afraid you have set your heart on something this time that the fates have lifted out of your reach," and to himself he thought, " and out of my own, for that matter."

For the feeling was beginning to force itself upon him that, after all, this marriage was not of his choosing.

" You are joking, of course, Ellerton," she said.

" No, Mrs. Schuyler, I am very much in earnest, and you are the first one to know of my engagement."

She looked up with surprise and chagrin ; because, of all the young people she entertained and cared for, Lawrence was her favourite, and she had planned for him a brilliant marriage that would carry his art rapidly before the public, and make name and fame possible without climbing those wearisome rounds of the ladder which, as she expressed it, are such a bore, and over which a rich and sagacious woman will lift one without effort.

" Sit down, Mrs. Schuyler. You have been a dear friend to me ever since you came with little Ruth to have me do the bust of her. Poor little Ruth ! what a darling she was."

The eyes of the woman of the world and of fashion filled with tears, for the child to whom Ellerton referred had been the one holy link with the highest in the world to her. And it was because she had made such an idol of it that she now believed that the jealous gods had taken it away.

"Ah! Ellerton, dear, do not speak of that little one to-day. You know how it makes me feel, and it will unfit me for company to-night."

Mrs. Schuyler was a distant connection of Ellerton's mother. She belonged to an old New York family, and was a well-known woman of the world. Her worldliness consisted in helping along by her social influence and tact whatever gifted young man or young woman—she frankly confessed that she preferred men—might fall in her pathway. There was no social event of any importance in connection with which Mrs. Schuyler was not mentioned. She was an undoubted power in New York society. This distant relationship to Ellerton, and the eight or ten years' advantage she had of him, made all her calling upon him, and entertaining, possible without gossip. There was no more frequent visitor at the studio than she, and scarcely any one who was more welcome.

Lawrence would say to Atwood :

"If there is an evil day, or my statue falls down, or anything goes wrong, Mrs. Schuyler comes in and sets it all right again. Nothing seems to trouble that woman. She is afraid of nothing in this world, and there is nothing she has not seen, I believe, that is worth seeing."

"And how about Mr. Schuyler?" Atwood would say.

"Oh, Mr. Schuyler is the best fellow in the world. He treats me as if he were my father, and she treats him as if he were her son; but he takes it all in good part and, aside from his club, cares more for her than anything else in the world, unless it be for his particular brand of cigars. There was one thing they both loved better than anything life held for them, and that was little Ruth, their only child, who died last winter from diphtheria. How fortunate I was, Atwood, to have made a good likeness of her! They have never been able to do enough for me since then. I hardly know which I care for most, Mr. or Mrs. Schuyler."

Mrs. Schuyler was about to go when Ellerton turned seriously towards her, and told her of his betrothal. She walked up and down the studio, tapping her left hand with a glove she had drawn off, and her eyes studying the floor, very much distracted or abstracted. Presently she opened the door leading out of the studio,



called to the footman to come again at five o'clock for her—that she would wait here. Then she came in, turned the key on the inside of the door, walked across to Lawrence, folded her dainty hands one over the other, looked him straight in the face, and said :

“ Now, Ellerton, I want you to tell me the whole story, without evasion. Mind you, I shall know if you are not telling me the truth, or keeping anything back.”

“ Take that chair,” he said, pointing to the most comfortable one in the room. He dropped on some boxes near by, half reclining, and told the story—that is, all of it he could do without in any way compromising Julia. She bit her lips as he went on, and tapped the floor nervously with her foot, but did not speak until he had finished. Then she burst out, with more anger than he had ever seen her show before:

“ Ellerton, you are a fool ! and I am going to prove it to you.”

Then began a dissection of human life such as no one could give who had not had a large and comprehensive experience in it.

“ I have never called you a fool before, but I feel warranted in doing so to-day. Tell me that you are not in earnest, for I cannot believe it. Take care, my boy ; do not play an April fool's joke with me, for this is stirring my

nature in a way that is not pleasant for me or desirable for you."

Ellerton looked up, his eyes met hers fairly and squarely, and he replied :

" I have told you the simple truth, Mrs. Schuyler. I believe you are the last in the world I should try to deceive."

" My dear boy, do you know that you are laying up for yourself untold misery ? It will end either in suicide or a heart-break. But there is something more than the mere consideration of yourself in this question. You have surely not forgotten your mother, Ellerton ? "

" Did you ever know me to forget her ? "

It was he who showed a little vexation now ; these steady assaults were beginning to stir him up to replies of a like nature. He then went on to say :

" I do not know that there is any use of our talking any further of this matter, Mrs. Schuyler. I have given my promise that I shall marry Miss Hartmann. Have you ever heard of a Lawrence breaking his word ? "

" Never," she replied ; " but I wish you would take the initiative in such a movement. It was as I thought. You have confessed it ! It was you who have given the promise, and not she. That girl made you promise to marry her, and you need not deny it."

Lawrence was beginning to lose his self-control.

"Mrs. Schuyler, I do not know who made you a judge over my actions, and by what right you cross-examine me on this subject?"

She looked hurt, and the tears filled into her eyes and fell down upon the dark rich dress she wore. Ellerton felt sorry to have hurt her so much.

"Forgive me, dear friend. I felt nettled at your steady assault."

"Dear Ellerton," she said, coming forward, and laying one pretty hand on his shoulder, "I could forgive you for anything but this awful blunder you are about to make. Now I am going to make a confession to you. I would not have minded if you had found some rich and beautiful woman, to have helped you make your way in the world; in such case I would not have hesitated to give you up. But to see you, whose ambitions I have made my own, throwing your life away on a woman who can no more appreciate your highest qualities and possibilities than she can understand the movements of the stars in their orbits is too cruel. Ellerton, I have been very fond of you, —so fond, that at times I have questioned my affection; and should never have come to you here alone had I not confidence in your nobility.

"Do you know now," she said, looking down upon him, "why it hurts me in the deepest place to feel that you are going to live in close companionship with a woman who I may say is far beneath you in intelligence, in breeding, and in every respect, unless it be in the mere charm of her physical beauty?"

He looked up as she said this; the tears now stood in his eyes, and he realised what a beautiful woman stood before him, how queenly, how innately a gentlewoman.

"Pardon me for my impatience, old friend," he said, in that low, measured cadence which endeared him to men and women alike. "I would not offend any woman willingly, much less you. You know you were safe in coming here, and safe"—he took her hand as he spoke—"in saying all you have said to me to-day. I shall be a better man for your friendship, and shall strive to be worthy of it always. But, my friend, this is a matter on which you and I have no longer a right to express an opinion. I have given my promise—I may as well confess it—to that girl; and that, once given, can never be taken back."

Mrs. Schuyler sat down and drew her hand over her eyes, and did not speak for several minutes. There was something tragic in the silence that gave Ellerton a strange feeling about his heart, and he was glad when a rap

at the door told him that her carriage had come to carry her home.

"You will excuse me if I do not go to your dinner to-night," he said softly, accompanying her to the door.

She did not speak, but pressed his hand and went out with a sorrowful look on her face, a look that he had not seen there since the day when little Ruth had died.

## CHAPTER XV

### MOTHER AND SON

“ Break from thy body’s grasp, thy spirit’s trance ;  
Give thy soul air, thy faculties expanse ;  
Love, joy, even sorrow,—yield thyself to all !  
They make thy freedom, groveler, not thy thrall.  
Knock off the shackles which thy spirit bind  
To dust and sense, and set at large the mind !  
Then move in sympathy with God’s great whole,  
And be like man at first, a living soul.”

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

IT had been a tiresome journey from New York to New England for Ellerton Lawrence, notwithstanding the beauty of the early May, and the fact that he was going to his mother’s home. How many times he had been over the road between these two cities from the time he had first left his New England home, to take up the serious art studies in New York, until to-day, when he came back to it with a reputation established. The thought of coming back to meet the mother he loved so well had made his heart beat high on many a journey ; but to-day he made his way across the narrow

streets, to take the late afternoon train for the suburb in which the Lawrences had lived for nearly two hundred years, with feelings anything but gay.

He was in time to catch his train, and in twenty-five minutes he stepped out at his native town, nodded to the stationmaster and the men he had seen about since boyhood, and passed on up the hill towards the home of his mother. What was it that made his heart heavy, when it should have been glad with the unspeakable joy of home coming? And his mother, how did she feel? Did she know what was coming? No, he had not told her. How did she know then?

He liked to steal in upon her and find her in the stately garden, under the old elm tree, or standing by the old box hedge, or sitting in the library with a book and looking away towards the hills. He was proud of his mother—proud of her to-day as a man, as he had been proud of her when he was a boy. Slowly he passed up the hillside, and stopped under some old English elms, that had been planted by the first settlers who strayed from Dorchester to the neighbouring hills and made their homes there. He loved to come back to this place, as ripe in its perfected beauty as the heart of old England.

It was a beautiful country, the hills rolling

away to the south and as far to the west as the eye could see, and to the north the bay, dotted with ships whose sails were now touched with the evening sun, and then, beyond them again, the blue sea mingled with the lighter blue of the sky. Ellerton loved the old town. He loved to get back to it from the hurly-burly of the metropolis, and from the society which sought him out with a persistence that was difficult to avoid. It was well for him to have such a place to return to, worn with the city life and the various frivolous dissipations into which one is drawn in these modern days. He passed on, catching through the trees glints of a river, and through long vistas hills purple in the twilight. He stopped every hundred feet for some cherished view he had marked out years ago. Fortunately, he met no one. He wished to be alone to drink in the fresh, quiet beauty of the place and hour, and rest his nature so that he could face the problem before him with better spirit and perfect justice.

There are times when the very landscape seems to take on the mood of the beholder. This brooding stillness, the absence of the neighbours he was accustomed to meet on the roads, the quiet air scarcely broken by a bird's note ; all seemed to be waiting for something momentous to happen. But he had gone on brooding and thinking, dreaming of the past,



striving to get away from the present, filled with thoughts of the old home, the old days, his old playmates, his chums, and some who had lived and still lived in a house not two hundred feet from where he was standing,—and of this strange being who was to be his wife. He stopped, for he heard a low, sweet voice as if of some one singing to herself without any accompanying instrument.

“ A Highland laddie there lived o’er the way—a laddie both noble and gallant and gay,  
 Who loved a lassie as noble as he, a bonnie sweet lassie, the maid o’ Dundee ;  
 This lassie had lands, but the laddie had nane, and yet to her it was all the same,  
 For dearly she loved him, and said she knew, this laddie dear laddie was gude and true.

He knew the voice, and over his face passed an expression of peace that it had not known for many a week.

What is there in the human voice, beyond all the instruments made by the hand of man, to loosen the care that fastens upon mortal man’s spirit and makes his life a burden, in a world that is more beautiful than any paradise his imagination can frame? He could catch in the words of the song ; ’t was a Scotch ballad, — who has not heard and been moved by its sweetness and truth ?—*Bonnie Sweet Bessie, the Maid o’ Dundee.*

“ Ere years or even months had fled, this lad and lassie were happily wed,  
Nae better wifey e’er lived on the lea, than bonnie sweet Bessie, the maid o’ Dundee.  
A happier hame nae man ever had, than this which held twa hearts so glad,  
And ne’er did Bessie have cause to rue her wedding this laddie, sae gude and true.

Now the voice grew so faint that he could not follow the words, except that he knew them so well and had heard the same lips sing them a hundred times.

“ But sorrow came to her heart one day and her dear darlin’ was taken away,  
Then oh, how sad and lone was she, poor bonnie sweet Bessie, the maid o’ Dundee.  
And when in the ground her darlin’ they laid, her heart then broke and she fervently prayed,  
‘ O God in heaven, let me go too, and be wi’ my laddie sae gude and true.’ ”

He did not dare to stop long, for his first impulse was to leap the wall, to cross the lawn, break in upon the singer, and call to her with the endearing terms of an old friend and of one who knows he is welcome because he is loved with a love that passeth friendship. But his errand, and the thought of his mother, bade him hasten on, and with a sigh he turned his face from the singer and walked hastily on across the meadows, so as to be sure to be alone with his thoughts and to enter the old home

through the back of the garden. The song still pursued him, and he repeated the words to himself. They came home with a peculiar meaning to him at this moment. He was about to plunge through the hedgerow that divided his mother's place from the road when he ran point-blank into the arms of the old gardener.

"Well, James, what are you doing here at this hour?" he said pleasantly to the old man.

"Ah, Mr. Ellerton, I am glad to see you. The things is awful sad about the place the last month."

"Sad, James; what do you mean?"

"Your mother, Mr. Ellerton, is changed a bit since the last time you were here."

It suddenly broke upon Ellerton that he had not been home for a month.

"Your mother have grown a bit whiter, Mr. Ellerton," continued the old man; "you must n't take on about that, however—and she has not been out in the garden since she came back from the mountains."

Ellerton started back as if he had been struck by a sharp stone.

"Not been out for a fortnight, James? What do you mean, man; is she ill?" and in his earnestness he took the old man by the shoulder and looked down into his face.

"Well, she is not exactly ill, but there is

something gone wrong," and the old man's eyes filled with tears. "You see, Mr. Ellerton, she don't smile any more, and she never touches the pianny as she did when you lived here ; and I comes upon her sometimes in your room off the conservatory, and I notice her eyes is filled with tears. There is the same look there she had when your blessed little sister was taken away — but you're too young to remember that ; why you was only a boy in short trousers then. It took her five years to get that pained look out of her eyes, and it was when you came back home with the figure that took the first prize at the show that I says to Ellen in the kitchen, 'The Missus looks like herself again, her eyes is bright as two stars.' But pardon me speaking to ye in this way, Mr. Ellerton ; I was with your mother when your father came a-courting her."

Ellerton had been listening to the old man's rambling talk in a distracted way. The thought of his mother's pain was so great that it seemed to paralyse him, and he was leaning for support against the bowed form of the old gardener who stood beside him. He now gathered his faculties together and, speaking a comforting word to the old man, turned slowly to the house, through the clump of pine trees, and approached the library window. It was open ; the room was vacant, and he swung

himself noiselessly over the sill and down on the soft carpet. He seemed to lose his senses for the moment, and he dropped into a rocking-chair, and gripped the arm with a force that seemed to awaken consciousness again or to hold on to it at least. His mother was in the next room, perhaps. No, James had told him she had not been down for some time. There was a lamp lighted in the hall, and through the open door he could see her portrait, painted by his friend Atwood. How stately she looked in that black silk, with her brown hair brushed back, and in her hand the Jacqueminet roses he loved to bring her from the garden.

"Precious mother," he said to himself. "How often have I vowed I would keep the roses about you as long as you live. I would shower them about your path; and now I have brought you the sharpest thorn that a scion can bring."

He leaned forward and looked into the face of the picture, and the eyes seemed to look back with unspeakable blessing into his own; great hot tears fell from his eyes. He spoke half aloud the words :

"Can I do it? Can I do it?"

Then he rose to his feet, saying : "I will give the girl up. I will do anything to save my mother from one heart's pain, be she right or wrong. What she wishes, I will do, so

help me God ! ” As he spoke he looked up and lifted his right hand to heaven as a token of his vow and determination to keep it at any price. Strength seemed to come back to his heart and back to his brain. Everything grew clear again, and the troubled look upon his face gave place to a look of determination.

“ Mother, is it our fault that you know nothing of the world ? — that you have lived always in this pure, simple atmosphere of a New England home, standing by the principles of right and wrong for which our ancestors died ? No, dear soul, you are right, in spite of this one case of mine, which may seem to you to be all wrong.” He started towards the stair, walking quietly but firmly, and mounted slowly towards his mother’s room. He reached the door and looked in. She was leaning on her hand, looking out at her favourite view across the meadows down to the sea. It was dark, and he could only see the outlines of her form. Ellerton spoke softly the word :

“ Mother ! ”

It had been scarcely uttered, before she arose and opened her arms, coming towards him. He did not see until she was close upon him the change that had come to her face and form, and his great, strong arms clasped her close with that protecting love that can only come from a son to a mother.

"Dear, gentle, patient mother," he muttered, "my first and best love. I have come to tell you that I have come to carry out your best wishes, and that your wish is my wish."

She looked into his eyes, saying :

"My dear boy, I knew you would do right in any case, and I knew you would come and tell me this. Hour after hour have I stood by your picture in the library, and looked into the face that looked out to mine, and opposite that of your brave uncle, my brother, who gave his life without one thought of self, for this dear land ; and I said to myself over and over, 'My boy will give himself, no matter what it cost, to what is right.' I knew you would come, Ellerton."

The man's heart was throbbing within him with an intensity of feeling that threatened to kill him unless some relief came.

"Mother, come up to my old study in the tower, and let me lie down in the old place, where I used to go when I was a boy, and where you used to hear all my troubles ; and run your hands through my hair, as you did then, and talk to me again as if I were a boy, and let me forget that there is any world outside of this home, or any art but that I have learned here from you, which is to love and to live simply and nobly — or any love but mine for you, sweetest and best of mothers."

And the vow that he had made was nullified by the one whom it alone was destined to protect and save from anguish — by his mother's quiet acceptance of his engagement, which she believed to be the only honourable solution of a difficulty she did not understand and was too trustful to probe.



## CHAPTER XVI

### A FORLORN HOPE

"The more thou dam'st it up, the more it burns ;  
The current that with gentle murmur glides,  
Thou knowest, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage ;  
But when his fair course is not hindered,  
He makes sweet music with the enamoured stones,  
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge  
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage ;  
And so, by many winding nooks, he strays,  
With willing sport, to the wild ocean."

SHAKESPEARE.

MRS. SCHUYLER drove away from El-  
lerton's studio not only with tears in her  
eyes, but with tears in her heart. She drew  
the curtain over the carriage window to screen  
herself from the curious eyes in passing vehi-  
cles. There, alone, being driven rapidly over  
the streets of the great metropolis, this woman  
sobbed piteously. Arriving at her own home  
uptown, she went directly to her room and  
threw herself on a couch.

After the first outpouring in the carriage,  
a calmness had come over her which betokened

either acceptance or a determination to use her energies to better purpose than in wasting emotion. It was the latter in this case, and her quick intellect was at work already, planning a campaign against this woman, this model, the daughter of an Italian model, — as she had learned from Atwood, — who had dared to claim this man for whom she had planned such a brilliant future. Ten minutes had not passed before her whole campaign was planned, and she proceeded at once to the carrying out of the same.

She sat down and wrote a note to John Atwood, called for a telegraph messenger, and despatched it at once. It bore a request to come to her house at once, for dinner; and if not possible for dinner, to come in the course of the evening, no matter how late. As it was, Atwood was dining out with some brother artists, and did not return to the studio until ten o'clock. The note was so imperative that he determined to go to the Schuylers' mansion even at that late hour. A servant waiting at the door let him in at once, and in the library — it was now half-past ten — he found Mrs. Schuyler alone, pacing up and down the room as if much disturbed by something.

"Come in, Mr. Atwood," she said; "pardon my calling upon you in such a peremptory way, but something of great importance has

occurred, and I wish to ask your advice concerning it."

Atwood felt flattered, as any man might, at the confidence of this graceful woman, and replied that he would be glad to serve her in any way possible.

"By the by, Mr. Atwood," she began, "have you seen that figure of the angel our friend, Mr. Lawrence, is at work upon?"

"Oh, yes," said Atwood; "I have watched it from the beginning."

"It seems to me," she went on, "to be Ellerton's best work. The figure of the angel is so dignified and yet so womanly."

"Yes," he said, "it has all the grandeur of a Greek caryatide, with something modern which I may perhaps best characterise by the word 'Christian.'"

"It has," Mrs. Schuyler continued, "a human sweetness which does not take from its stateliness, but adds greatly to its loveliness."

"You are quite right, Mrs. Schuyler; the angel is his masterpiece."

"I should think," she went on, "that it would be very difficult, Mr. Atwood, to find a model fair enough to pose for such a statue."

"It is difficult," Atwood replied, "and Ellerton was fortunate in getting this Miss Hartmann to pose for him, for she is wilful and not dependent entirely upon the artists for her

living; and it is regarded in the light of a favour, her posing, rather than a service for which she is paid."

"Hm!—Miss Hartmann?" Mrs. Schuyler repeated the name with as much unconcern as possible.

"Yes, Julia Hartmann. Have you never met her or heard of her in the studios?" Atwood asked.

"I have never met her, although, no doubt, I have seen her face and form in many of the Academy pictures."

"Yes, Julia posed for this statue."

Mrs. Schuyler noted the fact that Atwood called Miss Hartmann by her first name, and the model sank a step lower in her estimation.

"Oh, speaking of this model, who you say is so beautiful, reminds me of an important thing which has been in my mind"—for how long she did not say. "I wish you to paint a picture for me. It is a subject that has haunted my imagination for a number of years. A picture of Zenobia, the Queen of the East, in some resplendent robe, scarlet, adorned with jewels,—you will know best, for you are a born colourist, so Ellerton says. Well, I have decided to make myself a Christmas present of this picture. A dear old aunt of mine died lately, leaving me a little legacy, and I have determined to use the money in this way.

And you must spare no expense on the costume."

Atwood's heart gave an upward bound, as he thought of numerous unpaid bills which it would be a great relief to his mind to get settled.

"If I can get Miss Hartmann to pose," Atwood suggested,—the very thing that Mrs. Schuyler had wished him to say,—"why, I would do the picture at once for you, while your desire to possess it is still eager. One works so much better when one is trying to satisfy some one's earnest longing."

"The quicker you can do it, the better I shall be pleased."

She was now wondering if it would not be wise to break the news of Ellerton's engagement to Atwood; but her discretion coun-  
against this proceeding, and with a few part-  
ing words, and the hope again expressed that  
he would go to work at once and paint steadily  
till the picture was done, she bade him  
good-by, promising to come very soon and  
out how the work was progressing.

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## CHAPTER XVII

### THE MODEL INSULTED

"A friend should bear a friend's infirmities."

SHAKESPEARE.

THE next morning after his call on Mrs. Schuyler, Atwood bought a canvas, and sent a telegram to Julia Hartmann to come at once to his studio, for he had something very important on hand. She came soon after receiving the telegram, thinking perhaps Lawrence would be there, or that Atwood had some word to communicate regarding him. He greeted her cordially, and told her of his desire to paint the Eastern Queen, showed her some beautiful stuff, which he was quite right in supposing would greatly influence her in the matter of posing, and added:

"When the pose is finished, these stuffs are to be your own; and this necklace, which, if not of real diamonds, is still very beautiful, is also to be yours."

She could not resist the temptation to try on

the rich silken drapery and the necklace of imitation diamonds, and to pose before the mirror, sweeping her arms about in graceful lines, which made Atwood wish he could paint her in every possible attitude, instead of the one he had chosen — in which she was to be seated on a dais, her right arm leaning on the head of a winged lion, symbolic of the Oriental religious mythology.

Finally she assumed the pose, and, forgetting Atwood's presence, began living over the scene of two days ago in the studio with Ellerton.

"I did not force him to marry me," she said to herself—she was too proud to confess this. "I did say I wanted to be near him; but, after all, he was the one who spoke of marriage."

She suddenly wondered if Lawrence had spoken of his engagement to Atwood, and in what light the latter regarded it. Without looking up, she said:

"Mr. Atwood, has Mr. Lawrence been here lately?"

"Not to-day," Atwood responded, "but he was here yesterday for several hours."

"Did he tell you anything new?"

"No, only that he wished that confounded angel was finished."

"What! Did he say that?" interrupted Julia, annoyed.

"That is rather rough on you, Julia, to be sure, as you have been posing for it ; but think how the poor fellow has worked over that figure ; and then, too, he said he had not slept the night before, and was feeling very rocky."

This information was not the kind of news Julia had hoped for, and the spirit of the Italian mother was beginning to move within her.

"Did he say anything to you about his engagement?" she asked, point-blank, in a defiant mood.

Atwood started, so much surprised was he, and almost dropped his palette.

"His engagement! No; what do you mean?"

"Oh, I was only joking," she replied, thinking she would break the news less abruptly.

"Well, please do not joke on such subjects. Lawrence is my very best friend, and if he has any engagements, I should like to hear them before his models."

"What kind of a woman do you think Mr. Lawrence ought to marry?"

"What kind of a woman?" Atwood replied, wondering at her interest. "Well, I have often pictured to myself the kind of a woman he ought to marry. Perhaps you have seen a



Mrs. Schuyler,—a distant connection, I believe of his,—who goes to his studio very frequently. A tall, graceful woman; once, before her marriage, the great belle in New Orleans, and now the leader of the best set in New York society. A lady born, in speech and movement. A woman who would have Lawrence's good heart, and carry him to the front ranks of the profession; and if she had \$100,000, or more, it would do him no harm."

Julia listened silently to Atwood's talk, and again was tempted to tell him of the surprising news she had. Irritated by the picture Atwood had drawn in his imagination, she yielded this time to her bad feelings, and spoke very plainly.

"And, Mr. Atwood,"—raising herself from the dais, and walking across to the mirror where she drew herself up to her full height, all her injured beauty on the *qui-vive*,—"what would you think of Mr. Lawrence marrying—she paused—Atwood looked up inquiringly—"me?"

Atwood leaned back and laughed.

"You? Well, Julia, I do not mean to be unjust to you: it would not be very graceful after your kindness in posing for my Sappho, but I should think the fellow had lost his head if he ever did such a thing."

"And why?" she answered, stamping her

foot, with more indignation than he could understand.

"Why, my dear girl? Lawrence comes of an old Puritan stock, who pick wives for their sons with the same carefulness that the matches are made out in Europe, except that moral worth counts for more here than it does there. If you had ever seen his mother, you would not ask me that."

At the mention of his mother, Julia dropped into a chair, supporting her head with her right hand, and wandered off into one of her abstractions. She was thinking of her own mother, and how different she must have been from the mother of Mr. Lawrence.

"Julia, my dear girl," Atwood still went on, "do not fill your head with silly notions about such a marriage. They always turn out unhappily. Lawrence is no more fitted to live with you than you are fitted to live with him."

He thought that perhaps he had hurt her feelings, and tried to atone for doing so in some measure.

"The fellow is a perfect crank, just as I am—in fact, we all are cranks, we artists; you know this, Julia—you are one of them."

"Yes, I know that," she answered demurely.

"Well, don't you see, Julia, it would never

do for you, a crank, to marry another crank? There are plenty of rich young men about New York who would jump at the chance of marrying you. Why, there 's that fellow I saw you with the other day, who won ten thousand dollars at the last races, so you told me. What was his name—Perry, was it not? Did n't he give you a box of gloves on the strength of it?"

"I have forgotten," she answered, with anger; for she did not wish to think of Perry at the same time with Lawrence. "I scarcely know Mr. Perry, and please don't mention his name in connection with me, and especially with Mr. Lawrence."

"I saw you at the theatre with him once—not a month ago," he replied.

"And what if you did? You see me with a number of different men."

"I do not deny it," he said sarcastically.

"Well, whatever you may think of my engagement, Mr. Atwood, I will tell you, on my word of honour, that your friend asked me to be his wife the night before last, at his studio; or rather I promised to marry him."

Atwood rose indignantly, replying:

"It is more likely that you promised than that he asked you. I cannot believe ~~his~~ Lawrence has made such a fool of himself."

"Take care!" she said. "I can ring ~~best~~ in

insult as quickly as any one, even Mrs. Schuyler," she remarked with sarcasm.

"Julia Hartmann, I want you to tell me honestly: are you joking with me or not?"

"I will tell you no more, honestly or otherwise. You have insulted me, and I shall tell Mr. Lawrence so, and let him settle with you."

As she said this, she tore the necklace from her neck and threw it upon the floor, stripped off the drapery, with no great tenderness, and putting on her street dress left the studio without another word.

Atwood was too much disturbed to think of her abrupt departure. His picture, paints, and everything were set aside. He reached down behind his bed and took out his violin case, drew from it the instrument Lawrence had given him, and which he cherished next perhaps to his mother's memory, and began to play. This instrument was his solace in times of despair, and a safety-valve in times of dangerous buoyancy. All his wild desires and fevered imaginations found safe expression here. After he had played for an hour he felt calmer, and glancing at the clock, he saw it was five.

"By Jove!" he said, "I will go straight to Lawrence, and find out the truth about this whole matter. I shall not eat or sleep until I

know." And, putting his violin away as tenderly as a mother lays her babe to rest at evening, he snatched a hat from the top of his easel, and locking his door, hurried away to Lawrence's studio.

## PART II

### CHAPTER I

#### THE THORNS OF LIFE

"I would the great world grew like thee  
Who growest not alone in power  
And knowledge, but by year and hour  
In reverence and in charity."

TENNYSON.

ELLERTON'S marriage was now a thing of the past. He had not been married six hours before he realised that he had made a mistake that, if not fatal in its results, would take out of his life much of the joy and freedom that the Creator places in the hearts of those who are to create. Many men would have settled down to the companionship of a woman so attractive as Julia with utter content. But with Lawrence it was otherwise. In part, it was the fault of his art; for a man who is an artist is constantly endeavouring to bring those nearest him into relationship with the ideals he pictures in his imagination. Then, too, strangely enough, her wonderful physical

charms, which he had dreamed of making of such value to the world, had lost their fascination in a great measure now that the model was his own wife, and he might call upon her at any moment. He had that feeling so common to acutely sensitive natures, that realisation often falls immeasurably short of anticipation. There was something in her voice that jarred upon him peculiarly.

"Dear God!" he thought, "if she only had Mabel's voice and spirit, what a perfect being she would be!"

It was strange, now she was his wife, how he compared her more and more with Mabel. Before his marriage there had been only one hurried, sad meeting with Mabel, their last interview, when he had learned that, go where he would about the world, and through all agonies of soul and mind that were possible to mankind, the love of a pure, noble, brave, consistent woman would follow him from henceforth—forever. But Lawrence, in spite of the feelings which passed over him, as the light and shade pass over a mill-stream which moves steadily onward, was too much of a man to let his own temperament dominate his spirit or his will. Artist he was by birthright, yet he had too much common sense to attempt like a chameleon to change his colour.

But, as he expressed it in his first interview

with Atwood in his studio, he was determined first of all to be a man, a rational human being, fitted to live at peace with the human beings about him. After that, he was going to earn his livelihood by following out as rationally as possible his profession as a sculptor — the gift which seemed to be his highest endowment, although he had the potentiality of doing other things well. It was only when he was overworked and consequently depressed that that feeling made itself manifest in the sentiments just described.

As to his wife, she had nothing to lose and everything to gain. She felt a natural pride in holding a position which she knew many rich and beautiful women would have been glad to share with her husband.

It was some weeks before any realising sense came to her that Ellerton was not happy with her. Whatever feelings he had, he concealed them bravely, and with the tender regard which he exhibited for all human kind, both men and women.

Atwood came constantly to the studio, for he knew instinctively what Lawrence was going through. Indeed, he had stood out to the very day of Lawrence's marriage against the union. But now that the marriage had taken place, like a sensible man he was determined to make the best of it. To Lawrence his



coming was a godsend. The first few weeks of their life together, Julia busied herself about the household, and she made a very practical housekeeper in spite of her Bohemian life and tendencies. This took up much of her time. They had moved into an apartment near the studio, that is, on the next street; and, together with her husband, Julia was arranging it as best they could afford.

Old friends came less to see him, thinking that perhaps they might intrude on the newly married couple. There were two, however, who never failed, when in town, to call upon Lawrence or to meet him by appointment—the Professor and Brewer. The coming of the Professor was to Lawrence a spiritual and an intellectual treat. He always brought with him in his pocket some fine poetry; for the most part it was Dante or Wordsworth or Tennyson—but in the whole realm of song he moved naturally with easy and untiring wing. To hear him recite Burns was an inspiration against many a sad and despondent mood.

The Professor was curiously blunt. He told someone when Lawrence's proposed marriage had been mentioned, that there was no truth in it whatever—that this boy Ellerton was not enough of a fool to marry any woman, and especially this one who had no intellectual or spiritual affinities with him. He had never

seen the woman, but had heard her spoken of by their common friends.

When he came to the studio and saw Lawrence for the first time after his marriage, Julia opened the door and came forward in such a gracious way, saying that her husband was in the inner studio, that it quite disarmed the Professor, and he finally consented to take three cups of her tea before he left in the late afternoon. For, like most men who love and write true poetry, he was susceptible to the charms of an attractive woman, but only in the degree in which spiritually minded men are susceptible. There is a vast difference between men of that order and men of the Lord Byron type. Finally, when Julia left the studio, and the two men were together, came the inevitable silence which each was afraid to break, but the heart of the older man grew very full as he looked up and saw that the lines had deepened under the eyes of the artist, and the eyes themselves had an unwonted sadness. The Professor rose from his chair, and coming forward, with his own eyes filled with tears, threw his arms around the younger man, saying:

"My boy, whatever prompted you to do this thing, I know you meant to do what was right. I have felt bitterly about it, but it is all gone. Come, let us go out and have a glass of beer together, and let me show you

the first edition of my review of Tennyson's works and the philosophy of his great poem, which has just come to me from the press."

The younger man stopped to cover carefully his statue, which he never forgot, sick or well, happy or sick at heart.

"There is a little beer saloon on Third Avenue where I went with a friend the other day." The Professor knew where good beer was to be found; and into these little beer saloons, the men who were the leaders of political, social, and religious thought often found their way with him.

## CHAPTER II

### CLOSER THAN A BROTHER

"I vexed my heart with fancies dim :  
He still outstripped me in the race :  
It was but unity of Place  
That made me dream I ranked with him.

"And so may Place retain us still,  
And he, the much beloved again,  
A Lord of large experience, train  
To riper growth the mind and will :

"And what delight can equal those  
That stir the spirit's inner deeps,  
When one that loves, but knows not, reaps  
A truth from one that loves and knows ?"

TENNYSON.

TO-DAY, fortunately, they encountered no one, and the Professor and Lawrence went to one of the former's favourite rendezvous. Seating himself at a deal table, he called for two glasses of real German beer, and drew from his pocket a two-dollar bill, asking the waiter to bring him his change in small coin ; then started out on some wonderful

philosophical or social exposition, and as fast as the glasses were exhausted, he would pass out the coins to the waiter and call for more beer. He preferred doing just in this way.

In the meantime, there were men of all shades of morality and colour coming and going about him without affecting him in the least or disturbing him with his poets or his philosophers. Usually, Ellerton would stop and argue with him, to which he listened patiently—which was more than he did with any other living being. But to-day he had it his own way, Lawrence calmly assenting or remaining silent where he disagreed.

"My boy, married or unmarried, you do not drink enough beer. If the doctors tell me I should drink beer, how much more should you, who are so nervous, and twenty pounds lighter."

Now and again a beggar entered, and never appealed to the Professor in vain, although on the street or in the lecture-room he railed against thoughtless charity.

There was one thing that Lawrence felt as one of the strange compensations which came with great loss. He had grown closer to this man than he had ever been before. That is, it seemed as if they were nearer of an age, and that all the marvellous knowledge of this great scholar was discounted in some strange way by what the artist had given up.

"Dear Maso," he said to the Professor, "life has changed you much of late, as it has changed me."

"Yes," the other replied, "I am going down the shady side of the hill."

"And up," the young man answered back, "when the time comes, upon the mountains of eternal light."

The relation between these two men was that one which has been the poet's theme since the beginning of song—which Homer voiced in the *Iliad* when he made Achilles sorrow for his friend Patroclus, who was dead, and whose love had been more to him than the love of woman. It was the love of David and Jonathan, of Dante and Cavalcanti, and of Tennyson and Hallam.

The Professor was now fifty and more, yet unmarried; and although he was called the Professor,—no doubt because people believed no one could know so much as he and not be a professor,—he had never allowed his name to be used in connection with any college or university, except as a chance lecturer on philosophy or poetry, his favourite themes. He was a man who interested all who met him, and who attracted to himself all women, and the great men of all lands—a man made up of many seeming contradictions, as great men usually are. No institution had been able to

harness him, and much of his vast knowledge was still unwritten. The love of his life that had endured longest and suffered the greatest number of setbacks was that for Lawrence.

It had been the Professor's desire to make a poet of the young artist, or possibly a philosopher. He had even offered to pay the young man's expenses abroad if he would devote himself to poetry. But Lawrence, with all his tenderness of heart, was not one to let any human being choose for him in such matters. He would say to those interested:

"God has planted within me a divine right, which I hold dearer than life, and that is—the freedom of choice."

So the Professor's crowning wish, or at least one very dear to his heart, had gotten a setback, and there was silence for six months between these dear friends. But a sudden attack of rheumatism, to which Lawrence was subject, brought the Professor over to the studio from his home in New Jersey by an early train, and in his hand he brought a copy of the *Vita Nuova* of Dante, as a peace-offering.

"Dear old Maso," Lawrence said to him, "I have never any feelings in my heart for you but those of love and gratitude. I know now I am stubborn; but be patient with me, and perhaps, after all, I may realise some of your hopes for me."

And now, sitting opposite him at the table, drinking his beer, he thought of that meeting and his words with sorrow, for again the old man had received a crowning disappointment. The Professor had hoped Lawrence would never marry, but live with him as the days went on, and let him pass on his marvellous book-knowledge, to be embodied in the poetry of form. Lawrence felt that the older man, who had been silent for some minutes, was thinking this very thing, and he replied to the thought:

"Never mind, Maso," he said, "for all these disappointments; we are getting closer to each other spiritually, and that, after all, is the only lasting relationship."

. . . . .

"But as to your art?" said the Professor. "You still hold firmly to your high ideals? I hope so—nay, I should know it. The age is seeking for the very thing that it is the distinctive province of sculpture to furnish. History shows that a love for the sculptural— I speak not of rude carving or imitation, but of pure form—comes last in the history of development. Colour is with us from our infancy; but the love of form, in the individual as well as the nation, grows only with the spiritual life."



"Well," answered Lawrence, "my ideals have strengthened rather than weakened. In the main the conditions of life with us are those necessary to the production of a great art. Along with spiritual desire has sprung up a love for perfect physical development. Athletics to-day are as much a part of our school and university life (whether ostensibly included in the curriculum or no) as they were in the palmy days of Greece. A sound mind in a sound body is an axiom known to every young American, and our healthful return to out-of-door games and exercises, and to suburban living, is bound to produce a finely developed race of men and women. We are learning to look upon the nude form in the way that Greece regarded it—namely, as the highest possible embodiment of a man's conception of love for ideal beauty, veritably the temple of the spirit. When we learn that to have a beautiful and finely developed form requires moderation in life and subjection to training, then shall we know that the nude form is as pure as God made it."

"Yes," added the Professor, meditatively, "one thinks of poor Heine, dragging heart himself with effort and pain through the courts of the Louvre, along the corridor and into the room where the statue of the Venus of Milo is placed. To him it was the embodiment of a

sublime morality, which he, in his innermost self, aspired to, but failed to realise."

There was a short silence. Then Lawrence took up the thread of conversation again, speaking as if unaware of his friend's presence:

"No art has contributed to the highest enjoyment and calm intellectual satisfaction, no art has so well realised man's aspirations for absolute and calm beauty as this great and benign art of sculpture. From it poets have drawn their most exalted images; upon it they have built their choicest expressions. It has been from the first a saving grace to man; its power to ennoble and dignify and exalt is unbounded. It is the central and most complete development that human life has ever taken on. No one has ever dared to attribute to it an impure or unworthy object. Where carving has had an ignoble or unworthy office, it has from its very purpose and nature placed itself without the domain of the sculptural, and such effort cannot legitimately be called sculpture. It is all and more that poets boast of it; the calmest and simplest of all the arts, the most moderate, the most holy, the most exalting, and the most enduring of man's efforts, to place human life upon the plane which God originally intended it to occupy. More than all words of teachers does it

spontaneously show man's body to be the possession of an immortal and beautiful spirit."

"Right you are, Ellerton," said the Professor. "Well does Michelangelo, who knew it as well as anyone who ever lived, speak of it as—

'All that embellishes and sweetens life,  
And lifts it from the level of low cares  
Into the purer atmosphere of beauty.'"

## CHAPTER III

### DEEP WATERS

"Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak  
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and makes it break."

SHAKESPEARE.

LAWRENCE had not seen his mother since his marriage. He had made some excuse for not going out there after their short wedding journey to Washington, and in fact she had not pressed it. Now that her son had done what she believed to be his duty, a revulsion had come over her nature against this woman not of her own birth and education who had taken her beloved son.

Mabel had also not been to the house since the marriage. It was now two weeks; and the mother, in an agony of remorse and suspense, sent the coachman over with a note, telling him to bring Miss Frothingham back with him. Mabel put on her bonnet and came at once. It was a hard interview for her, but it was Ellerton's mother, and she went without hesitation.

Mrs. Lawrence was lying on the sofa in the room where Ellerton had found her when he came home determined to carry out her wishes at any sacrifice. She heard Mabel enter, and called to her faintly to come to her at once. When the girl reached her side, the woman turned her head into the cushions and sobbed bitterly. Mabel bent over her with many endearments, kissing her cheek and brow and smoothing the hair back from the forehead with its deepening lines.

When she could speak, Ellerton's mother said,—

“My child, close the door.”

Then she unburdened herself to Mabel as she had spoken to no human being since her husband's death. With arms round each other's necks, the twilight found them together, the one who had never been chosen taking the place of the daughter-in-law who was such an unwelcome comer into that household.

On this afternoon Mabel had a difficult task. She had set aside her own heart impulses, and standing up with unqualified courage for Ellerton, and even for the wife, whom she had never seen, she made out as brave a case as possible for the distracted mother to accept. It was only when she had made the mother as comfortable as possible, and had left the room,

that she drew her hands quickly over her eyes and passed hastily down the wide colonial staircase, and out of the hall door under the porch and down the elm row. Alone in the dusk, the girl's heart could have its way, and the tears came without restraint, and when anyone was discernible through the dusk, she turned hastily aside so as to be alone with her grief.

We men are apt to think that women are slight, fickle creatures, not fitted to bear the brunt of sorrow or the burden of a great grief. And yet, if the truth were only known, for every truly courageous man in this world, you would find a score of self-sacrificing women.

## CHAPTER IV

### AN AWKWARD SITUATION

"The divine insanity of noble minds,  
That never falters or abates,  
But labours, and endures and waits  
Till all that it foresees, it finds,  
And what it cannot find—creates!"

LONGFELLOW.

MRS. LAWRENCE had decided to go to New York, at Mabel's suggestion, and to take Mabel with her. They were to stay at a hotel near the studio. Lawrence met them at the station when they arrived, and tried to appear as much his old self as possible, showing his mother all the tender courtesies he was wont to do, and inquiring of Mabel particularly for his dear friend the rector.

In the commotion of the arrival and the bustle of the hotel, nothing more than passing inquiries were made by his mother, and the subject of Ellerton's wife was not brought forward, and more than a courteous message from her. Mabel made some pleasant reference to the attractive home she had heard Julia was making for

Ellerton ; and he knew at once that she had accepted the situation as she had accepted all of life's crucifixions—with faith and trust.

They were to visit the studio on the next afternoon, resting on the following morning from the journey. Julia came early to arrange some tea-things and to put the place in better order, for Lawrence had of late grown more careless about his books and belongings. She had gone out at the moment they had entered to buy a few flowers to make the place bright for their coming.

Mabel found the studio without trouble, and pushing the door open—it was standing ajar—entered. Ellerton was busy, and did not see them until Mabel's voice startled him from his work. He turned around and came forward, kissed his mother upon her brow, taking Mabel warmly by the hand.

"This is my workshop, mother, dear, and here is my family, such as it is—you see it includes all kinds. I am a true Catholic. I am glad you find it interesting," he went on, "for it is here I pass most of my hours, and it is here I think very often of you."

There was a face that had attracted Mabel peculiarly, half hidden behind a canvas and by a cloth that had fallen over it. She called Mrs. Lawrence's attention to it.

"What superb colouring!" she exclaimed.



"Yes," answered Mrs. Lawrence, "but not the face of an angel, my child."

Lawrence turned at this, and saw them looking at the Sappho picture for which Julia had posed, and which Atwood had given to Lawrence after it had been exhibited at the Academy, because he particularly desired to own it.

They were looking about when Julia entered quite suddenly, and, finding them there before her, drew back abashed.

"This," Ellerton said rather stiffly, in spite of every effort, "is my wife—Mrs. Lawrence."

"I am very" — the word came slowly, she rose from her chair and came a step forward—"very glad to meet you, Mrs.——" and

"Julia," interposed Ellerton. "ay at

"Julia," the mother repeated very demurely, "I am very glad to meet you." "I tried to

The girl made no attempt to do more than shake the woman's hand, and the mother, who was not invite any further caress, but sank suddenly back into the arm-chair, and dropped her head upon her gloved hand. Mabel, on the other hand, came forward, and throwing her arms round the girl, said:

"I must kiss your wife, Ellerton, for she is so very dear to me; I have known Ellerton for so long, you see," she said to Julia.

"Yes," Julia repeated, looking hesitatingly at

from head to foot, "I would know you from your picture in the album." But to herself she said,—

"He was right in choosing her face for the angel"; and bitterly she thought, "I can never look like that."

It was not in Julia's nature to allow her physical well-being to be disturbed long by anything or anybody, and if Mrs. Lawrence had not care to make any advances, she was to let going to be attentive to her. So the afternoon passed in a disjointed and strained manner,

and all parties were glad when the first shadows began to fall, and there was an excuse for breaking up. The mother, as she turned to go, held her right hand out stiffly.

Julia took her hand, saying:

"Good-night, Mrs. Lawrence. I am glad to like Ellerton's studio."

Mabel covered the embarrassment as best she could, by again kissing Julia, and asking her to call upon them to-morrow at the hotel. Lawrence put on his hat and walked back with them, kissed his mother good-night, and then he went back with a heavy heart to the studio, to

the empty — and on the door a note, in the peculiar strained hand of one not accustomed to a cloth, telling him that his wife had promised to have tea with a lady in a neighbouring

"Who had been kind to her, and asking

him not to worry about her, for she would come home early with the brother of the lady.

He was thankful for anything at this moment that left him alone in his workshop.

## CHAPTER V

### A STRANGE FATE

"Then to side with truth is noble—  
When we share her wretched crust—  
Ere her cause bring Fame and Profit  
And 't is prosperous to be just."

LOWELL.

IT was Atwood's quick knock which startled Ellerton at his work in the early morning, and he turned to let him in, wondering why the fellow had come at this hour.

"Ellerton, you will think I am an early bird to-day. I have brought a canvas and a lot of stuff, and I am going to paint like a beggar all the morning. Somehow, I can work in this place better than I can in my own studio. It inspires me, the mottoes, the statues, and the old casts. That one of the old Moses over there, and the thoughtful Lorenzo from the Medici chapel, and more than all, which is natural to me as a painter, this marvellous painting by Murillo which Mrs. Schuyler has left you. What an inspiring picture! Dear

boy, it is worth while living in such company as this. Outside the world is beginning to hurry about, buying and selling, in order to make a few extra sous, imagining that their hurry is going to make them happier, while in truth it only shortens their lives—and here we are, Lawrence, lucky dogs, fortunate fellows, sitting here in the quiet, a pipe close at hand, —pardon me, if I fill this one,”—suited the action to the words,—“and all about us these inspiring influences. For all our struggle and poverty abroad, we have enough to be thankful for ; is it not so, old chap ? ”

Ellerton nodded ; he was not in a talkative mood to-day. He was filled with the spirit of the great man's face, over which he continued to bend and work.

“ Atwood, I have been reading the writings of this great preacher, whom I knew, as I have told you, and the thought comes to me constantly, that like all great men, he was much beyond his church and time. Mark you these words which I found in one of his essays this morning: ‘ May God give us grace and faith and courage and ambition, always, to be ready to pass up and on to higher kinds of life, to new kingdoms of heaven, as He shall open them to us for ever.’ That 's the thought that helps mankind. Now, tell me, Atwood, what they would add to such a man in making him a

bishop? As you say, old fellow, we have much to be thankful for, and I have had a stroke of luck since you have been here. Some one has given me a commission for a statue of Lincoln, and I have been turning over his biography and his speeches. Can you imagine anything more simply and more tersely grand than his Gettysburg speech? If you do not recall it, let me read it to you :

“ ‘ Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war; we have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who have given their lives that their nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or to detract. The world will little note or remember what we say here, but can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have

thus so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the task remaining before us. That from these honoured dead, we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of their devotion,—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain,—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom,—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.’ I learned this as a boy and have never forgotten it.”

Atwood laid aside his brushes and listened. Whenever Lawrence read or recited, he stopped painting and listened. Lawrence had a gift of holding the attention of those about him when he cared to do so. Some people call it a magnetic force, but it was nothing else than a genuine enthusiasm for the poetry or prose he was reciting.

“I can think only of one thing,” Atwood replied, “that is comparable to that Gettysburg speech. It is the epitaph that Leonidas left at the Pass of Thermopylæ :

‘Go, tell at Sparta, thou that passest by,  
That here, obedient to her laws, we lie.’

This is perhaps too terse for the modern man, and Lincoln knew this or he would have cut his Gettysburg speech down to two lines ;

but for the self-contained and well-balanced Greek temperament these two lines embrace all that could be said on the subject."

"Yes," Lawrence reiterated, "and how true that is of all Greek art. The perfect sanity and conciseness of expression,—something to say and the honesty and wisdom with which to say it. The two things that make up all human expression."

"Now, to stop your moralising, Lawrence," Atwood broke in abruptly, "I have news for you of two old friends of yours."

"Old friends?" said Lawrence; "what is it?"

"Well, Connoyer came home from Europe yesterday."

"What! Connoyer home?" interposed Lawrence.

"And he told me a strange story of your old friend Perry, who went to the dogs,—though you would never allow it,—and his connection with that girl in the Latin Quarter whom the fellows remember as having such a beautiful voice."

Lawrence was all attention; he even assumed a little careless air, feeling that his interest might be too palpable to Atwood. Curious, how the name of that beautiful singer called up in him strange scenes of happiness!

"Well, it seems," Atwood went on, "that the beautiful singer, as she is called, was singing



in Milan, in *La Sonnambula*, and the Prince del Drago was present in his box, whether under the influence of wine or not we shall never know, but in the sleep-walking scene, where Amina enters in a night-garment, he made some demonstration, and ogled her so with his glasses, that in her confusion she dropped the candle and, dismayed at this accident, fled from the stage ; at which a gentleman in the audience arose, walked across the parquet to the Prince's loge, and, it is said, told him, so that all could hear, that no one but a ' cur ' would insult a woman in that way. Whereat the Prince made some reply which enraged the gentleman, who, it seems, was an American. The latter, placing his hand on the balustrade of the box, without great effort vaulted in and stood before the Prince. The Prince repeated the words he had before said, at the same time reaching for some weapon he had concealed in the inside pocket of his dress suit. Before the audience could realise what had happened, the stranger struck the Prince a blow in the face, which knocked him to the front of the box, and as he fell he struck his head against the bronze balustrade and lost consciousness.

"To make a long story short, the Prince died of brain fever within a week from the time of the encounter, and the American was arrested on a charge of murder. Strangely enough, the

beautiful singer, when she heard the story, went to the prison to see the man who had risked his life to resent an insult to her, and succeeded finally in obtaining a pardon for him, and, what is more strange than anything else, soon married him."

Lawrence listened attentively to the whole story, and when Atwood got to the part where the singer married this strange American, he broke in suddenly, exclaiming,—

"Married him?" and showed more emotion than Atwood could account for.

"Yes, married him. But that is not all. That American was—Ellerton, can you believe it—your old friend Perry, the gambler."

Lawrence drew his eyes together at the last words, saying,—

"Atwood, your way of putting things is a little too strong."

"You will not think so," Atwood responded, "when you have heard the sequel to the marriage. Perry received with the beautiful singer the large fortune her voice had won for her. He had scarcely been married one week, when the old fever took possession of him and he left Milan, where she had been singing, for Monte Carlo. There he played desperately and lost every sou that belonged to his wife. He was ashamed to meet her,—I am glad there were some traces of manliness left in him,—and

shot himself in a room at the hotel. All that is sad enough," Atwood continued,—"Lawrence made no comment,—“but to me what now comes is the most tragic part of the story. The killing off of an Italian prince and an American gambler did not leave the world much worse off, but the beautiful singer, when she heard of her husband's death, left the stage for ever, and entered some sisterhood somewhere, I cannot remember the place.”

After Atwood had finished his story he became so interested in his painting that he did not note Lawrence setting aside his own tools and giving himself up to his thoughts. That a world of inconsistencies! the sculptor thought. This beautiful singer, whose rare, sweet, strident voice had been an inspiration to him when desolate and alone and almost ready to succumb to the alluring life of Paris, this woman had come with saving grace to him and then had entered into the most sacred relationship with a man who had lived with fast women the world over. His thoughts went back to the old garden in Italy and the nightingale which had sung in the early mornings. He remembered a while later, startled at not hearing the morning. Surprised and disappointed, he walked over the garden, and, pushing shrubbery, he found her nest had been spoiled and her eggs thrown rudely upon the ground. Tough, the

Gothic palace seemed so gloomy and prison-like after this event that he could not stand the place, and quitted Siena for Florence. He connected this human nightingale with the bird, and indeed, their lives had suffered almost the same strange tragedy.

Atwood still painted hard as the morning wore on, and Lawrence pursued, without speaking, the mysterious history of human life which surprised him at every turning. Suddenly Atwood stopped and threw down his brushes.

"Lawrence," he said, "you have heard one tragedy. Now I am going to tell you another — one that touches me more closely and which I believe may affect you quite as seriously as the first. I am a plain, blunt fellow, and I must come out with this history, difficult as it is, as bluntly as I do with other things. You know Isabel Frothingham?"

"I should think I did," Lawrence replied.

"Well," Atwood continued, "I — hang it all, what is the matter with my tongue? — Lawrence, I love her."

Lawrence turned to his friend, saying:—

'So you once told me.'

'Yes, but I want to make her my wife.'

Why, you have never seen her but a half-dozen times in your life!"

That does not signify, Lawrence. There are a great many things I have never seen at all, and

yet I love them instinctively. I saw her through your eyes, first, when you described her to me, when we were together in the Latin Quarter. The character you pictured, so simple and holy, helped to make a man of me, while you confessed it was a saving grace to you. Lawrence, I began to love her then. I saw her first at your home one summer evening, and her songs laid hold upon my heart with peculiar tenderness. I met her again this spring when she came to see you with your mother. Now, Lawrence, are you going to help me in my suit?"

Lawrence replied sadly :

"Dear Atwood, I will help you in any way I can, you know that." The problem was too serious for quick solution, and this answer, if it seemed evasive, was the kindest one he could make.

"Ellerton, no one can help me as much as you can. She has been like a sister to you from your childhood."

"Yes," Lawrence replied slowly, "she has been a sister to me, and more than a sister, Atwood, and that is the reason I am thinking so seriously when you ask me to give her up to you in marriage, even though you are my best friend. Make yourself at home about this place. I am not well this morning. There is a sickness about my heart. I do not know what it means, but I must get out into the air.

I 'll be back in an hour or so. Throw a little water on that clay from time to time—that 's a good fellow."

And Lawrence rushed out of his studio, catching up his hat and stick in his flight.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE ANGEL'S FACE

"Count me o'er Earth's chosen heroes—  
They were men who stood alone."

LOWELL.

"POOR boy!" Atwood said to himself, when Lawrence had departed, "he is trying to put a brave face on this marriage of his, but I can see that the gray hairs are coming here and there, and that the lines under his eyes have deepened since last year. Now, if Perry had married Miss Hartmann, and Lawrence had married the sweet singer, all would have gone well, and like a play on the modern stage. But the actual drama of human life is not at all theatrical. I am afraid we could not stand the theatres if they presented veritable scenes from real life upon the boards. In life the unexpected is always turning up. The villain marries the heroine, and the hero marries the maid, and everything is topsy-turvy. He had scarcely finished these words, when the door opened noiselessly, and there stood the

one who had just been in his thoughts, namely, Julia.

"Good morning, Mr. Atwood; I do not think I have called you Jack since my marriage."

"You can call me anything that Ellerton likes," Atwood replied, with more feeling than the occasion seemed to warrant.

"You have not forgotten my posing for your Sappho, Mr. Atwood?"

"No," Atwood replied; "you were very patient with my poor painting in those days."

"Jack," she now ventured to call him, "I have a bone to pick with you. We understand each other quite well in spite of your new dignity. You never fell in love with me when other artists did, and I think I was just a little piqued with you for not doing so."

"Well," Atwood rejoined, "you have married, finally, a much better man than I."

"But you did not say anything about—love," she interrupted. She was endeavouring to make him confess some possible confidence Lawrence might have made to him.

"Oh, Mrs. Lawrence, love and marriage are not always one and the same thing."

A little bitterness had crept into his tone as he thought of Mrs. Schuyler and how her plans had failed.

"Now, Jack," she went on, "joking aside,



you have noticed that Ellerton is not happy in this life with me."

"I think you must be mistaken," Atwood replied. What else could he say? "Lawrence was never happy any length of time before he married you,"—he might have said this of any one,—“and if I may be excused the impertinence, why should he be everlastingly smiling because he has found a pretty woman for his wife?”

"That was very prettily said, Jack," Mrs. Lawrence replied, "but I wish—and it is scarcely a year since we were married—I wish—sometimes—the thing were undone."

"Too late for such wishes," Atwood interposed with a serious look.

"I do not know that it is ever too late to correct a mistake," she said sadly.

Her heart rose a little. "For all your friendship, you do not know him as intimately as I," she said; "and yet he never reveals the things dearest to him to—anyone."

Atwood looked at her and thought :

"You are more of a philosopher, pretty Julia, than I gave you credit for."

She looked beautiful indeed, this morning. There was a tinge of sadness that softened the satisfied, healthful roundness of her face. This woman, also, in her turn, was beginning to realise that there was something in this world

she could not have for the asking—something she could not buy with her great beauty.

"It worries me," she went on, "to think that Ellerton does not go more into society. Before he married me—you will remember—he went everywhere. To be sure he is willing enough to go to the theatre when I ask it, but when we are invited to the houses of his old friends, he seems always to have an excuse, no matter how reasonable it may seem. The other night we were asked to dine with the Hales, friends of his mother's. He wrote word that he was utterly worn out, and yet an hour afterwards he took me to the theatre."

Atwood understood it all. Notwithstanding her handsome looks, this woman could not go into the society of cultured people without making her husband feel uncomfortable. She was sure to make some *faux pas*, even though of no serious character. She was always well-dressed—in anything a little overdressed; that is, her dress would be cut a little low in the neck, or of a colour too startling for perfect taste.

Atwood could see it all in his mind's eye, and he knew just what Mrs. Hale, brought up to all that is refined and gentle, would say to this woman. In fact, he had been present somewhere at an evening reception where Lawrence had taken his wife in the first month of

their married life, and he had heard one artist say to another :

“ They say that girl has the most stunning figure in town. By Jove! I would like to have her sit for me.”

Lawrence was standing close by, and Atwood was afraid he had overheard it, but fortunately it was not so. Wherever they went to dinners, there was something done or said to make the man feel uncomfortable. She was not disturbed in the least. If any lady offered her a slight, why, she would smile at the woman's husband, and would be sure to win some compliment from him that would more than return the woman's injury to her. It was very hard to disturb Julia's *sangfroid*, and there was very little in this world that she was afraid of, and not much that she respected, except, perhaps, the power to make one's way, and her own husband. For him she had the respect of one being for another of a higher order. His gentleness and his courtly ways to her had been different from the cheap flattery and praise of most men. He had treated her with, and still showed her, the courtesies that he extended to women of his own birth and environment. But there was something, and she could not account for it, that was lacking. She knew her husband was proud of her wonderful physique, her neck and arms, her radiant hair, and

her splendid figure. She had heard him once telling someone in the studio, as she came in, that his wife was the handsomest woman in many respects he had ever seen. There was a time when this would have made her supremely happy; when, among all the gifts of this world, she would have placed this first. But the association with Lawrence, his poets, his thoughts, and his friends had made her restless, for she realised that they had ideals that were higher than mere physical beauty, although most of them held this a crowning charm. The Good Physician had asked her to go with him one morning to St. John's Hospital, and had taken her through the children's ward. There she had seen a Sister of Charity, whose face, strangely enough, reminded her of the angel's face in the photograph book, who was passing from one cot to another, ministering to the wants of these crippled and diseased little ones. She overheard one child say to another :

" See what a beautiful lady." And the other said :

" She is not as pretty as our Sister, and see, —she don't hug none of us and kiss us as Sister Alice does."

Strange, she did not like children; she could not bear to have them crawl over her, she said.

All the time her thoughts were going on, Atwood was busy with his painting, and

disturbed with thoughts of Mabel and of Lawrence's disjointed union. Julia was determined to get the reason from Atwood, if possible,—if there was a reason,—why Lawrence did not take her among his friends, and why Lawrence's mother never invited her to the home, unless to come down there with Ellerton for a visit. She had seen no girls yet who were more beautiful than she in his set. She could speak a little Italian and had even a smattering of French. She knew she hated books, and thought that while men could buy jewelry it seemed ridiculous to lumber up the place with books. Finally she determined to come out and put the question point-blank.

"What is there about me, Jack, that is not equal to—let us say—that woman, whose face is in the photograph album here?"

"Which one?" said Atwood turning quickly.

"This one," and she went to the book and took the photograph of Mabel Frothingham from its place.

"That? You are no more like that," Jack blurted out, forgetting himself, "than the darkness is like the daylight!"

He realised that he had made a mistake almost as soon as he had spoken. But it was too late to retrieve it now. The woman, in spite of her rather stolid nature, was stunned, and she kept repeating his words to herself—

"No more like that face than darkness is to daylight."

She thought how she hated the darkness, and how she loved the light. The blood mounted to her cheeks and was throbbing in her forehead. She rose to her feet, with her mother's temper swelling in her veins, and with the sense of an insult—the keener because she did not understand it. An insult which she could not answer, because she had invited it. She stood looking Atwood in the face, erect and with flashing eyes, like some beautiful demon, saying through her teeth,—

"I will pay you back for this insult."

She swept out of the studio, slammed the door, and was gone.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE RETURN OF ULYSSES

"Strange friend, past, present, and to be ;  
Love deeper, darker understood ;  
Behold, I dream a dream of good,  
And mingle all the world with thee.

"And thou art worthy ; full of power ;  
As gentle ; liberal-minded, great,  
Consistent ; wearing all that weight  
Of learning lightly like a flower."

TENNYSON.

IT was early one December morning, six years after Lawrence's marriage, that Brewer was leaving the office of his newspaper for lunch, when he ran into someone hastening in an opposite direction. He looked up, saying, "I beg your pardon, sir," and was astounded to meet the eyes of his old friend the Professor, who had just returned from a voyage to Greece.

"Dear old friend," he said, throwing his arms about him, a greeting warmly returned by the enthusiastic traveller; "dear old friend,"

he repeated, "come into a restaurant with me and tell me something of yourself and your travels."

After a few words recalling old times and the new discoveries lately made in Athens, the Professor asked with affectionate concern for the latest news of their mutual friend, Ellerton.

"Poor Ellerton!" Brewer responded, "he has changed not a little since you left America, — two years ago, is it not?"

"Yes, about two years," the Professor replied, while his face showed an expression of pain. He was thinking of the Ellerton whom he had loved from his boyhood and who was dearer to him now than even his philosophy. Brewer noticed that there were tears in his eyes.

"You say that he has changed," the Professor remarked softly; "what do you mean?"

"I mean," Brewer went on, "that he is no longer the happy-hearted fellow we knew six years ago. A moralist would say that the change has been for the better, but for my part, he was good enough in the old days for me, and to see his face, which bears at times the traces of an inward suffering, gives me a heartache."

"You refer, I suppose," the Professor remarked abstractedly, "to his marriage, and its effect upon him."



"Yes," Brewer replied; "it is that which has changed his life."

"His wife has not done anything wrong?" the Professor asked, with some anxiety.

"No," Brewer replied; "I almost wish she had, and settled the question definitely; but they live on together in a sort of relationship which is not companionship. You understand, dear Professor; I need not explain. Ellerton has given up the world—in fact, he seldom exhibits with the other men. He has gone back into his shell. It may be, like the chambered nautilus, that he has built a more beautiful one which we are not worthy to enter. While his face is sadder and less handsome, I must confess that it has gained a certain strength, and, if I may venture it, a divine quality which it has never had before, in spite of its charms. It is more intense. The lines under the eyes are deepened, the chambers where the eyes rest seem more like caverns, and there are gray hairs here and there which would show more were his hair black instead of dark brown. There is a look of acceptance about the mouth, and the chin has come forward a little, as if determined to do its duty in spite of whatever feelings might pass over it. Mind you, Professor, he has spoken no word to me, or to Atwood, so far as I know, of this relationship to his wife, but you will see it all when you call on

him, and much more, from your love of him, than I can divine. He speaks often of you, old friend, and has longed for your return."

The Professor rose at this moment, a strong feeling at his heart impelling him to go at once and see Ellerton.

"My dear Brewer, pardon me if I leave abruptly. There is a feeling in my heart that I must see Ellerton at once. It was a kind fate that threw me into your arms this morning on my return from strange lands, and I hope we may run across one another very often in the coming years."

Saying this he hurried out of the restaurant, wishing perhaps to cover his emotion even from Brewer, and hastened up-town to Lawrence's studio. He reached the door; it was ajar, and he ventured as an old friend to enter without knocking. Lawrence was sitting in a chair near a statue, with his head dropped into his hands as if weary or fatigued. The Professor called to him the one word:

"Ellerton."

Lawrence knew his voice at once and sprang to his feet, crying, "Dear Maso! you have come back."

The meeting was indeed a touching one. This Professor, who to the world appeared cold and often indifferent, and at whose feet the teachers in most of the universities were glad

to sit, as Paul of yore at the feet of Gamaliel, and listen to his words of wisdom — this same Professor was now holding close to his heart the one dearer to him than all books or stones or inanimate things — the one strong human affection of his life.

"Sit down, old friend," Ellerton said at length, "and let me get you a glass of wine, for you must be tired from your long sea voyage. And so you arrived only this morning?"

Ellerton looked into his face and noticed that there were tears in his eyes. They were in part tears of joy, in part tears of anguish for the pain his boy had passed through.

"You find me changed, old friend," he said sadly.

At this moment the voice of his wife was heard at the door, and she came in upon them, saying pleasantly:

"Your old lover has come back, Ellerton."

"Yes," the Professor remarked, coming forward and shaking her hand. "Odysseus has returned from his wanderings."

He could not help noticing that she had grown more beautiful by companionship with Ellerton, and yet he wondered why it should not be so. What had worn upon her husband had only tended to tame her waywardness and give her added charm.

The Professor inquired about old friends who

were dear to them both, and especially regarding Mrs. Schuyler and the Good Physician.

"Our two friends," Lawrence replied to him, "have gone on bravely. The Good Physician succeeded in getting Mrs. Schuyler interested in his children's ward in the St. John's Hospital, and she has established a special department, with a hundred cots for children under six years of age, in memory of little Ruth. There is scarcely a day she does not ride down there in her carriage, bearing flowers and playthings for the little invalids. Once started in this good work, she has followed it with her whole heart, and in the same spirit in which she followed the gay world six years ago. The Good Physician comes to and goes from this studio, bringing with him inspiration and strength as of old, and keeping me in touch with the rank and file of humanity."

The Professor remained in town for a fortnight, spending most of his time with Ellerton, going back to their favourites among the poets and discussing the humanitarian questions of the hour, until he was called away to complete a book for an anxious publisher.

The coming back of his old friend made life more bright for Ellerton, in spite of the depressions which would follow him the minute he was left alone for any length of time with his own wife.

## CHAPTER VIII

### MURILLO AND THE MODEL

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll."

HOLMES.

MRS. LAWRENCE had been sent South by the Good Physician, who said that the air of Florida was the only one to cure her troublesome cough. She had written to Ellerton, begging him to come to the homestead and take care of it in her absence. It was not so much that she wished the home to be taken care of as it was a feeling that his own self needed the rest and quiet of the country. She had put the request in such a way that he could not refuse it, and although it was exceptionally hard to leave the city in December, when life was at its quickest and clients came often to see him about his work, he set his own work and desires aside and determined to accede to her wishes.

His mother had built a studio just off the library, and an apartment which he occupied

when he was at the home. Doors opened out upon the garden and connected the studio with the sleeping-room. He still kept his old study in the tower. Ellerton did not believe for a moment that his wife would accompany him in the depth of winter to such a lonesome place, and was surprised when she said that she was glad he was going to leave town, for she was weary of teas and the theatre and people. Then, too, she longed for a sleigh-ride.

In Julia's giving up there was always some vantage-point to which she still clung. It was not the giving up of the Prodigal Son who returned to his father's house and asked to be dealt with as one of the hired servants.

Their preparations were quickly made, and they departed by a morning train, leaving the studio in Atwood's care. When they arrived at the little station in the afternoon, they found the coachman waiting for them with the old-fashioned double-sleigh. Everything had been done to make their coming a bright one. Ellerton missed his mother at every turn in the house, but Julia gave a sigh of relief at not meeting the proud face, with its look of acceptance but not of welcome.

The only thing that Ellerton had taken from his studio in New York was the wonderful painting by Murillo of the Madonna and Holy

Child, which has been mentioned in previous chapters. He said to himself :

“ If I can only have that picture there, it will brighten and beautify whatever lonely hours may be before us, and living in the presence of this master, touching him as it were through his highest expression, through the language of colour, more expressive to the initiated than the language of words, I shall grow perchance a little closer to this great one. From such companionship only good can come.”

The picture arrived soon after Lawrence had settled in the studio there, and he hung it in the best light he could find, under an old lamp of beaten iron, which he had brought with him from Siena. He thought, too, of his wife in bringing it. Once or twice in the New York studio he had come upon her unawares, studying the picture in one of her strange dreaming moods.

“ Is it not beautiful, Julia ? ” he said to her once.

“ More beautiful than I can understand,” she answered. He remembered telling her of a child who had entered the studio and stopped awe-stricken before the picture, and had finally turned to him saying :

“ I do not believe any man painted that picture. It must have been an angel.” And

the child went on to say : " If that beautiful picture were mine, I should hang over it a lamp, so that I could get up in the middle of the night, and come in and look at it, and the sweet face of the Mother would take away all my fears."

It was this simple child's suggestion that had led him to place the old Siena lamp over the picture. Truly, he thought, out of the mouths of babes and sucklings He hath perfected praise.

Julia went out for a sleigh-ride the next afternoon, and when Lawrence found himself alone he roamed about the house as he had done in his free boyhood, and spent an hour in the tower alone. How much changed his life seemed since then! Freedom, after all, he thought, is entirely a matter of the spirit, and in his bondage he was learning to be free. Every corner reminded him of some boyish prank, and the piano, outworn, was full of songs that time could never outwear. At times with that fervid imagination, he would sit in the library and seem actually to see Mabel sitting there, her hands caressing the keys, her face upturned, singing *Bonnie Sweet Bessie, the Maid o' Dundee*.

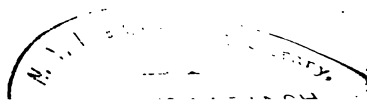
Dear God ! what changes had taken place since he first heard her sing that song in the old library, with its old-fashioned portraits of



his ancestors, who always seemed so prim, and who if they had hearts and human affections certainly did not show them in these paintings. He looked out of the window, across the meadows, now covered with fleecy white, which the afternoon sun turned into great fields of pearl, and he thought how blue the shadows were under the pines and spruces, and saw that the impressionists had caught a half-truth after all. Julia had been moody ever since her coming here. They had been married now six years. How the time had passed! Most of it had been with him a constant heartache. He lost himself only in his work and in the doing of good to those about him. "If my married life," he thought, "with all its misery, has taught me the blessedness of being something to my fellow-creatures, it is worth while to have lived and suffered it.

"There you are, my uncle, in your coat of blue," he said, standing before a painting of an officer of the late war; "you did not hesitate to lead the last charge, a forlorn hope, at the battle of Gettysburg. You knew that there was not one chance of escape, and that a sharp-shooter's bullet would find you out before you had gone five hundred feet; and after the first ball had shattered your left arm, why did you still press on into the teeth of death, crying out to your brave men to follow you? That was

your giving up, and it seems strange when I think of it, that I should have hesitated at the cross that was laid before me. Someone has well said, 'Crosses are not to wear but to be crucified upon,' and yet it has been hard to give up the joy of living, to feel forever at your heart some strange pressure closing in and down upon your life. It makes me think of the old Nuremberg statue of the Iron Maiden—a colossal figure of iron, which opened in the middle, and into which a man was thrust, and which was so ingeniously constructed that day after day and hour after hour, the different parts of the figure closed in one upon the other, until the agonised prisoner was crushed to death. And yet I believe that such a death I would choose a thousand times over before the experience I have gone through with my poor wife. I would like to know, sometimes, what her life would have been if I had not married her, when she drew my head down in the studio that night and told me what she would abandon herself to if I did not let her live near me,—which meant to me, of course, marriage. And then, too, I should like to know what these six years would have meant to me, with whatever gain and fame they have brought me, if I had not had pulling at my heart-strings this untold agony. For all the pain, there has come to me something I would not give up for



the kingdoms of this earth. To be able, as I feel now, to reach out to the lowliest wretch of the land, and feel with him the sense of one common humanity, is something that seems to me to be above price, and a kind of gift that the good Lord bestows only with crucifixion. If I ever have the genius to paint, I would like to paint a portrait of the young man, the rich man's son, who came to Jesus and asked what he should do to inherit the kingdom of heaven. 'Sell all thou hast and follow me,' he cried, and the young man went away sorrowful, for he had great riches. The Bible tells us no more of him. But I should like to paint a second panel, in which he has sold all, and show his face when he has renounced what was dearest to him in this world. I shall never forget a face I saw in St. Peter's in the late twilight of a June day. It was that of a young monk—pallid, thin, starved, and strained with the denial of everything that the physical man craves for its comfort and its sustenance. Eyes burnt out, the colour of ashes, unearthly, awful to look upon, as if a June rose had suddenly lost its perfume and colour before your very eyes. He seemed embodied renunciation—youth with every sense eliminated. That were an extreme indeed. And yet how much better than the overfed, gluttoned man of the world—all that stifled which was the glory of

manhood. It is not that we are not ready to bear a cross, and even ask God at times to give us something worthy of men, but we are always choosing our own crosses, and when God in His wisdom apportions out the cross that we most need, it is not to our choosing, and we would cheerfully have suffered anything but this."

Then, looking up at the picture, he remarked, half aloud : " Well, my uncle, standing there so bravely in your uniform of blue, I do not know if you or I have fought the hardest battle."

## CHAPTER IX

### IN THE RECTOR'S STUDY

"As if a rose should shut  
And be a bud again."

KEATS.

HIS wife had entered noiselessly, her fur slippers making no sound upon the carpet, and had been watching him standing before the picture for several minutes, and had caught his last words. An expression passed over her face that showed she understood them, in part at least. She turned to go out again quietly, but her dress caught a chair, making some little noise, and caused him to turn round and see her.

"Well, Julia, have you had a pleasant sleigh-ride, skimming over these fields of pearl with your grey horses?"

He had come quickly out of his abstraction into the living present.

"Yes," she answered, "the cool air has made my head feel better. I do not feel so bitter when these wild winds play about me."

"My dear Julia, you have not been well of late; come and sit down here by the fire and tell me what your trouble is."

It was a request he had made so often, that it would have seemed almost insincere had it come from anyone but Lawrence. To this hour he did not realise at all that this woman was beginning to feel the same agony that he had experienced since the very first hour of his marriage. She was beginning to realise it because of the association with all those things that refine and elevate—and sometimes kill because the new-found wings are not strong enough for the new ether.

"Ellerton, you once called me,—do you remember?—you once called me your rose. I remember it so well; it was in the old garden. Your mother had left the place to us. It was in June, and I came in perfectly happy from roaming about the place plucking the prettiest flowers and cutting the others down to satisfy one of my wild moods. I remember my face was flushed, my hair streaming, my gown loose about my neck, and you stopped me as I entered the doorway, and said: 'Stand there, my rose, while I fasten you in my memory for a statue of Aurora scattering flowers.' You may know that it is true, for I never could say such poetical and pretty things unless I had heard you say them."

"Almost do I believe sometimes that I may love you," he thought. He leaned forward and took her hand in his. It was a hand of remarkable beauty. He had seen but one like it, and that was the hand of a French model, who somehow had found her way to Rome and was posing at the time for Bouguereau.

"Julia, my little one," he said softly, "I wish my life with you had been of greater happiness for you. But the world, and this hard work of mine, and this stubborn clay with which I am always fighting, have not used me too kindly, and so I have often reflected to you, I fear, a sad and moody self."

And Lawrence registered at that moment a sacred vow. There were large tears in her eyes—the tears of early days, when he first knew her. Of late she had cried but little, but had been very silent. She would stand hours before the Murillo looking up at the face of the Madonna and then at the Child, and wondering—who knows what? And so the day closed, bringing them nearer together than they had ever been before.

The next morning dawned bright, clear, and cold ; snow everywhere as far as the eye could carry. The few birds that had braved the bleak New England winter came twittering about the porch, as if seeking human sympathy as well as the breakfast of crumbs which Lawrence never

forgot. But for all the cold it was an ideal winter's day, and Julia seemed in tune with the crisp brightness of the atmosphere, and to enjoy the shimmer on the snow. In fact, she was more light-hearted than Ellerton had seen her for some time. She busied herself with a thousand little things in the course of the morning, punctuating the minutes now and then with some small and affectionately thoughtful attention. She insisted on arranging the things in Ellerton's study in the tower, and on putting out the books and things he had cared for as a boy. She made the gardener bring in some of the roses that might recall the picture of herself on that June day when he called her his rose. She told the maid to keep the fire burning brightly all the day. All these remembrances touched Ellerton in a peculiar way, after the vow and tenderness of yesterday.

After lunch Ellerton pressed her to take another sleigh-ride, saying that the horses needed exercise, even if she did not care to face the wintry air. And Julia, with that sudden desire to gratify his lightest wish, even to going from him, complied with an eagerness that touched him to the heart. The greys were brought to the door, and Julia, muffled up with solicitous care by her husband, started on her drive.

The rapid motion aroused every sense within



her. The still whiteness of the landscape appealed to that inner and newly awakened longing within, — which she had not been able to fathom or crystallise into speech,—the longing to be worthy of him. She had gone far from the house on the border of the deep woods, filled with a certain reckless spirit of adventure, before she realised that the night was coming on and told the coachman hastily to turn back. The horses drew up suddenly, almost brushing against the rector, trudging homeward wearily from a distant call, lost in thought of his absent daughter, the light of his lonely life. It would have been positively discourteous in Julia not to have invited the old man to take the vacant seat by her side, for he knew that she must pass the rectory on her homeward drive.

Despite the estrangement that had existed between Ellerton and himself since Lawrence's marriage, the rector took the proffered seat. He had never been able to forgive Lawrence for what seemed a falling away from the early high ideals. Perhaps, like Ellerton's mother, he had planned a different marriage for the boy. Very little was said, and in a few moments the horses drew up at the rectory.

From habit rather than intent, the old man asked Julia to come in. Yielding to the impulse of the moment, which was a desire to see Mabel's home, she stepped out and followed

him up the path and into his study, where a bright log-fire was burning. Over the mantelpiece hung a portrait of Mabel that Atwood had painted from memory and had sent to the rector. Again Julia found herself confronted by the face of the angel. This time, strangely enough, she felt no pang of jealousy. As her eyes wandered around the room, they fell on a face that fixed her attention and changed her expression.

"Where did you get that photograph?" she asked almost rudely.

"I knew Mr. Perry long ago," answered the rector half abstractedly.

"Where?" she asked quickly.

"Here," he replied, beginning to wonder at her interest. "And where did you know him?"

"I—I—" she hesitated, "why in New York, before I met Mr. Lawrence."

The conversation had suggested to the rector some reason for Lawrence's marriage apart from the one the world had given. He found himself asking of his heart this question: Had Ellerton ever asked the woman to be his wife, or had the marriage been forced upon him, by some situation for which his boy was not responsible?

But now, Julia, thanking him for his courtesy, made a hasty departure and drove home.

The rector paced restlessly up and down his small study, tormented by the thought that he had possibly wronged the boy he loved so dearly.

"I will send for him to-night," he said aloud. "If I have wronged the lad, I'll ask his pardon, and have it from his own lips." And looking steadily at the portrait of his daughter, over the mantelpiece, he sank into his study chair and covered his face with his hands.

## CHAPTER X

### THE SOUL'S AWAKENING

"Thy servant, Death, with solvent breath,  
Pours finite into infinite."

ANON.

**I**T was very late when Lawrence returned from his trying interview with the rector, who had never sought him since his marriage with Julia.

He entered the great hall with his feet covered with snow. The thoughtful servant had left his slippers by the door, and he put them on before he passed into the library, where there was a night-lamp for him. He stopped for a moment before the fire to warm his hands and rest himself, for he was exhausted after the scene he had just passed through.

"Thank God, that is cleared up!" he exclaimed. "I scarcely thought the old man could have so misjudged me. And yet his attitude has been that of most of my friends. He seemed deeply moved, and yet when he asked me it was easy to forgive him. I have

never forgotten that he is Mabel's father. Ah, me ! Life with its changes ! I wonder if Julia is sitting up for me."

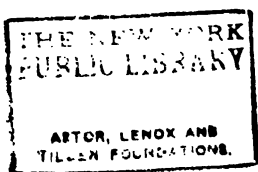
He rose, walked into the sleeping-room, glanced at the bed, saw that it was vacant, went softly across the floor, pushed aside the curtain which led into the studio, and stopped suddenly.

There under the Murillo, kneeling in her night-dress, was his wife, her hands clasped over her bosom, her head thrown back, her hair fallen over her partially bare shoulders, and the great eyes staring up at the Madonna and Holy Child. Two thoughts struck him at once. The minor one was the artistic beauty and the abandon of the figure; and the second and major thought was the realisation, which flashed to his soul with the quickness of lightning, that some new revelation had come to his wife.

The face revealed the soul's awakening: the eyes were open almost to the point of starting from their sockets, and yet it was not with terror, but with the looking upon some vision of unspeakable loveliness of which she had never dreamed in the highest life she had ever touched. A new light had come into her face, as when the dark caves of earth are opened and the sunlight throws one resplendent ray into the unseen depths. It was for her a supreme, ecstatic moment, and his innate delicacy forbade him to intrude upon the sacredness of the



THE SOUL'S AWAKENING.



moment, even with his own wife. He turned away, the pain and strain of the last two hours lost in the joy of a new revelation.

Stepping quietly through the library out into the wide Colonial hall, by the old clock, with its hands pointing past midnight, with its ship still sailing over the stormy sea,—sailing and never coming home to port,—he mounted the winding stair that led to his study in the tower, dropped into his familiar arm-chair before the fire, his imagination filled with the picture of his wife, and the look upon her face, with all that it betokened. Half audibly, he exclaimed: "What a transfiguration a moment can bring forth!" Then he fell into the deepest reverie, speculating upon the future and the infinite possibilities that this revelation might hold for both of them, while past and present merged themselves into one. How long he might have stayed there no one can tell. Suddenly the sonorous tones of the old clock broke the silence of the sleeping house, causing him to start suddenly from his chair and hasten down the stair through the library and on into the bedroom. She was not there.

"She must be still in the studio," he said.

He drew the curtain back carefully, expecting to find her still before the painting. Glancing hurriedly around, he was startled to find the room empty and the large door at the back of



the studio leading to the garden wide open. Thoroughly terrified, he rushed out. There was a chill about his heart which did not come from the bleak winter's night.

"My God, my God!" he cried; "where are you, Julia, my wife?"

The full moon was shining down through the bare branches of the elm-trees, cutting their delicate tracery in sharp outline upon the untrodden snow. Here and there the dense firs cast rich dark shadows that at any other time would have delighted his artistic sense. He ran wildly about the garden, seeking his wife everywhere. Finally, he came to the clump of pines where so often he had lingered on summer nights with his mother and Mabel. There he saw a sight which turned the blood to ice in his veins. Thrown at full length upon her face, her bare neck touching the gleaming snow, his wife lay. Her arms were extended as if to clasp the whiteness to her heart. Some wild impulse there had been to gather into her bosom the purity and holiness of the still winter's night. He could hardly reach her, for he felt a sickening inertia creeping over him. It seemed to paralyse every impulse. He prayed that all this wild scene might be a nightmare, and that he might soon awaken from it as agonising terror. Summoning all his strength, he reached her side and, catching her up in his

arms, gathered her up close to him and struggled through the snow to the open door of the studio. He hurried through the studio and placed her tenderly upon the bed she had left.

She was as cold as marble. She lay there, the firelight flickering over her, without a motion. He chafed her hands and feet, calling madly, from time to time, for one of the servants to come to him.

No one heard him.

He found some brandy in a drawer near the bed and managed to pour a little between her fast-shut teeth. For more than an hour he worked over the prostrate form without signs of life returning. He did not dare to leave her to summon a servant. Often he had worked on some marble figure long past midnight, with a candle in one hand and a rasp in the other. How different, he thought, was this working over a human body, with all its strange history now half revealed to him!

A smile passed sweetly over the still face, or the shadow of a smile. The lips now quivered as if they wished to speak. If they would only speak one word, he thought, one word of recognition, of forgiveness! But what dim consciousness lingered in her brain was taken up by the last vision. Bending low, he could catch a stray word articulated with difficulty. This much he made out—that she had suddenly

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